

Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

ETHNIC CONFLICT



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to Western Culture"
at Stanford

Samuel Francis: The
Cult of the Deified King

Steven Goldberg: "What's
So Bad About Jimmy
the Greek?"

• Also -- The Politics of
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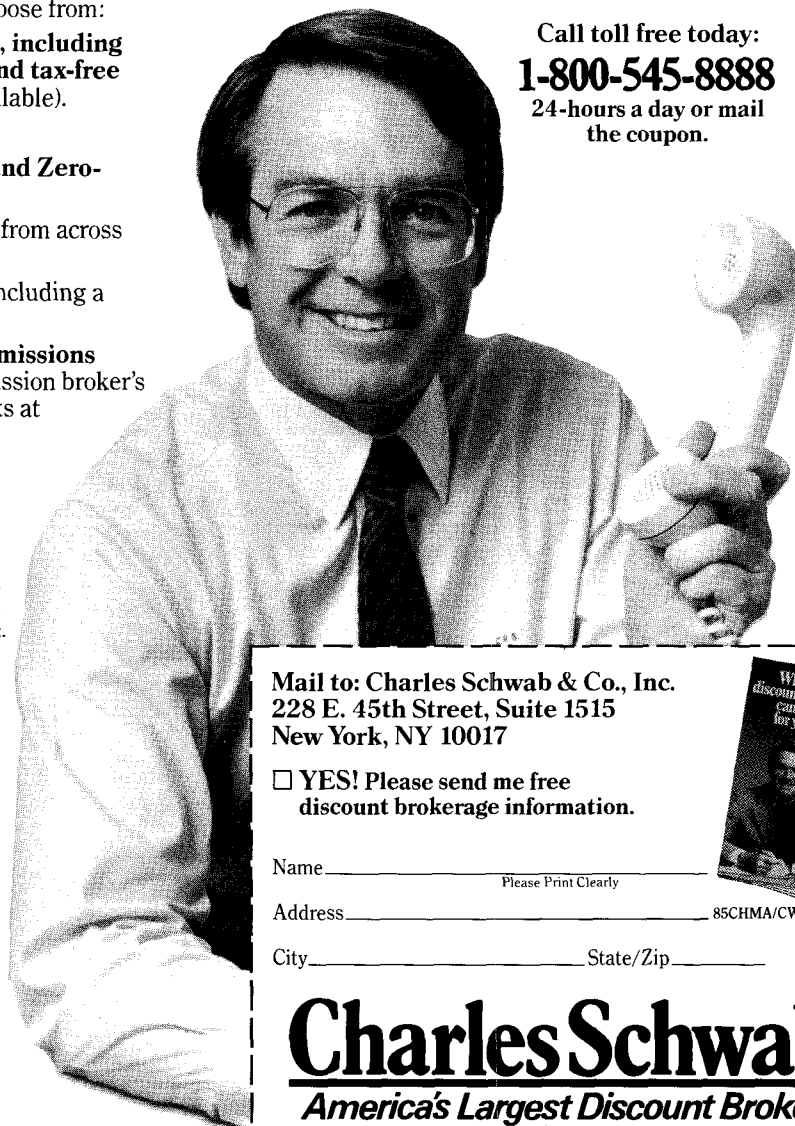
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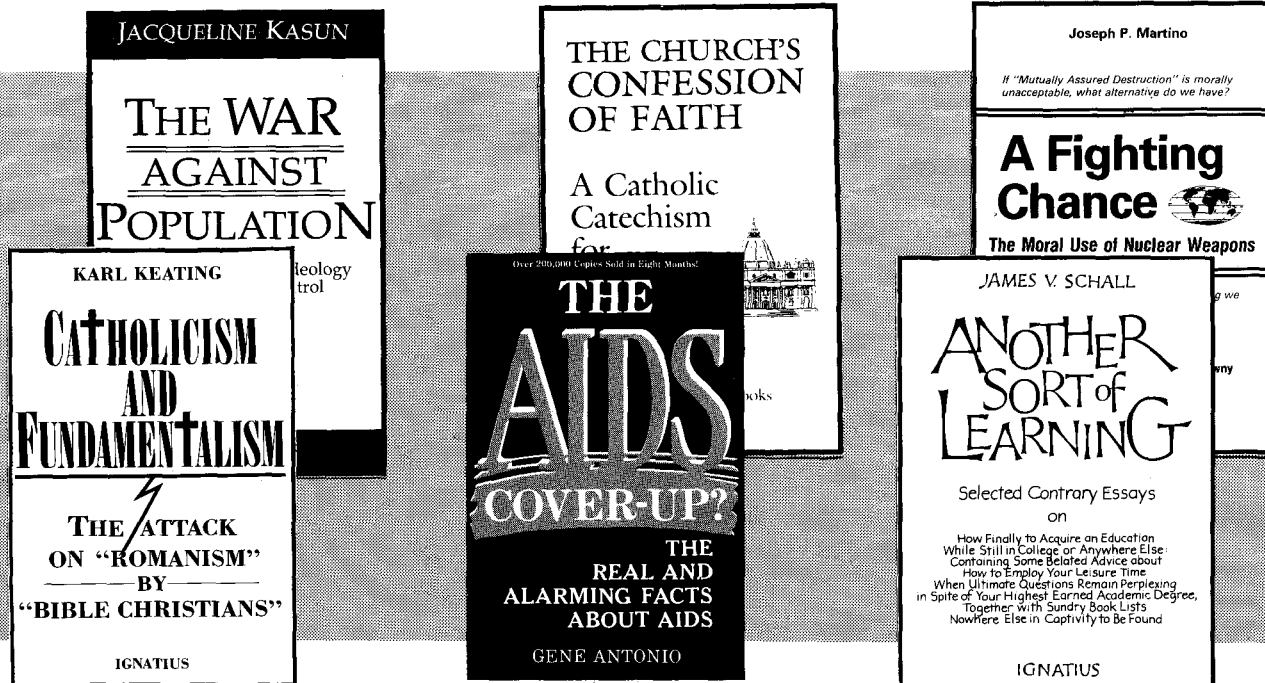
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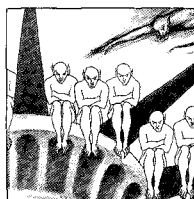
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On the Cover

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MAY 1988 / 5



In the recent firing of "Jimmy the Greek," CBS explained its action in a "terse statement," decrying racism. (What they meant by this is anyone's guess. I ban the word *racism* in my introductory sociology class, not because there are no barriers to black advancement but because the word itself is a barrier to the serious thought that is required in any struggle against injustice.) Now, it may be naive to expect rigor from television executives whose idea of bringing the news to the people is a teaser on a moronic 4:45 game show, informing us that "U.S. and USSR Go to War; Winner at 5:00." But even by television standards, an "explanation" that explains nothing is not adequate. If Jimmy the Greek deserved firing, both he and we deserve to know precisely what he is being fired for.

Among the offensive claims made by Jimmy the Greek (JTG), the most important is the empirical claim that, whatever the cause (hereditary, environmental, or some feedback combination of the two), blacks are better athletes than whites. This is so obviously true of a group that comprises 10 percent of the population and from three to eight times that percentage in the major sports, that only an ideologue could deny it.

In the case of baseball, a black player must be considerably better than a white to earn a place on a major-league team: position-by-position, the stats of black players are considerably better than whites. This implies, as some blacks argue, that some blacks are passed over in favor of less talented whites. Otherwise, the overrepresentation of blacks in baseball would be even greater. The same is probably true in the other sports.

JTG also claimed that the superior black performance has a hereditary basis. Unpopular as this view may be, it is almost certainly correct. The precise nature of the black physiological ad-

vantage has been only partially determined, but we don't have to know the precise mechanism responsible for an aptitude or behavior. Even in primitive societies, in which understanding of physiological mechanisms is nil, everyone knows that men are taller than women and that this is not merely because men are encouraged to eat more.

The *less* environment plays a role in athletic performance, the *greater* the black superiority. Long before blacks were permitted entry commensurate with their skill, it was recognized that the event for which training had the least effect was the 100-meter dash; this event is a measure of inherent speed, and there is much less that one can do to improve the performance of a top sprinter than there is to improve the performance of a marathon runner or baseball player. I do not know the current statistics, but I have been told that a few years ago 48 of the top 50 American 100-meter sprinters were black, and the 49th had one black parent. It is simply absurd to attempt to explain black superiority in sprinting as the result of poverty. Many groups have been poor, and while environmental factors such as economic opportunity, ambition, and the like have accounted for a somewhat disproportionate athletic success of the poor, poor whites have never displayed comparable advantages. Black basketball players are not wonderful rebounders because they were told as children, "You'd better jump, jump, jump, or you'll never escape the ghetto." Blacks are better jumpers because their physiology makes them better jumpers. They utilize and nurture this advantage by selecting sports that are both available to them and likely to take them out of the ghetto.

Of course, everybody knows that when we compare the athletic prowess of blacks and whites, we are only speaking statistically; there are many

exceptions. It is clear, however, from a recent *New York Times* column by Tom Wicker, that this obvious point cannot be made too often. On the one side are the 80 percent of professional basketball players who are black; on the other is Larry Bird. For Wicker, Bird's success proves that it's all environmental. We could ask Wicker if there is any conceivable evidence that would change his mind. The answer implied by his column is *no*. (He probably also believes that the existence of 6'6" women proves that men are taller than women only because of sexist bias in our culture.)

JTG's most controversial claim — slaves had been bred for physical superiority — was probably the last straw for CBS. Some such breeding probably did occur. More important, less formal social practices may have played an equivalent role, but on the whole, the "slave-breeding" thesis is wildly improbable. Besides, the athletic ability of Africans of the groups from which American blacks are descended seems equal to that of American blacks.

Jimmy Snyder also suggested that black underrepresentation in coaching represents discrimination. It is not clear what JTG used as his criterion, but the dearth of blacks in coaching and managing positions in professional sports may well be the result of discrimination. Since most coaches are former players, most people would expect roughly the same percentage of black coaches as black players. Anything less has been decried as discrimination. It is probably more reasonable to define discrimination at a point below the black percentage of players, but well above the percentage of blacks in the general population. Since the percentage of black coaches and managers in professional football and baseball is well below the percentage of blacks in the population (and not much above it in a professional basket-

ball league, 80 percent of whose players are black), JTG could make a good case in claiming discrimination against blacks on the coaching and managerial levels.

No one would claim that Jimmy the Greek is a beacon of intelligence or master of tact. But if these were requirements for television, we'd still be listening to the radio. The basic fact here is that JTG was pretty much correct in everything he said, save for his incorrectly seeing a close cause and effect connection between black athletic superiority and the conditions of slavery. From a scientific point of view, JTG's statements are far more defensible than his "predictions" on who would cover the point spread. The fact that his "predictions" were as loosely worded and incapable of proof as an astrology chart did not bother CBS in the slightest.

The fact is that there is nothing in what Jimmy the Greek said to justify the mindless and sanctimonious response it has elicited. Most of what he said was basically correct, and none of it was insulting to blacks. There was no justification for dismissal, even by those who are willing to deny truths that hurt someone's feelings. The outrage of CBS executives has nothing to do with racism and everything to do with their fear of any controversy that might threaten profits.

—Steven Goldberg

The genderless society is just around the corner. Eager to oblige, the Pentagon has ordered a series of "reforms" that will admit women to some 4,000 military positions previously reserved to men. The only restriction remaining is the congressionally mandated ban on women in direct combat, and even that barrier is increasingly porous ("we will now go as far as we can within these legislative constraints," says the head of the task force that recommended the most recent changes). Women are now to serve as Marine security guards at U.S. embassies, aboard Air Force reconnaissance craft and Navy ammunition ships, and in Army forward support battalions. Polls, meanwhile, show growing numbers of Americans favoring an expansion of the female role in the military, even into combat.

What is left out of this social policy is, of course, the mission of the military — which has something to do with defending the nation and its interests. That mission is seriously complicated when a large number of soldiers cannot perform the most routine tasks. Most Army jobs require lifting at least 65-85 pounds, and many require lifting over 100 pounds. While only 3 percent of women can lift "very heavy" weights (as opposed to 80 percent of men), the Army has assigned 42 percent of its women to jobs requiring just that. The average female soldier cannot lob a grenade far enough or carry a light machine gun at length or drag a soldier from a burning helicopter or even do the push-ups and chin-ups that are the stuff of basic training.

More important are the effects on morale. The presence of women does not, to say the least, enhance discipline. Men resent taking orders from women. In combat, men tend to disregard unit goals in order to protect women. And, of course, men compete for women. As Michael Levin noted: "Conventional military wisdom takes male-female bonding to be a disruptive matter of chemistry, against which regulations are powerless. If so, there is nothing to be done about sexual fraternization beyond eliminating the conditions of its occurrence." But such notions are for those who think the military's purpose is to fight; today's military is more concerned with currying favor among the enlightened classes. The Pentagon has just launched a new campaign — but not against the Russians. "Sexual harassment" is the enemy, and our chief weapon is "sensitivity training courses."

Until a year ago, the principal opponent of women in the service was novelist and Veterans Affairs Director James Webb. After his appointment as Secretary of the Navy, Webb kept silent about the feminization of our armed forces, apparently in the hope that he could do some good. But the same Frank Carlucci who, as Secretary of Defense, was busy putting women in near-combat situations, was also bent on emasculating the U.S. Navy. Resigning in anger and disgust, Webb was almost the last *man* to leave a senior post in the administration. (Mr. Meese is still, technically speaking, the

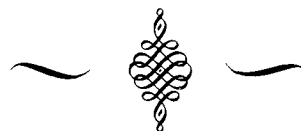
Attorney General.)

If the feminization of the service raises questions about our ability to defend the country, the number of Americans who favor women in combat raises the question of whether the country is worth defending. The shortage of articulate opponents of feminism has left many people unable to respond to the most outrageous assertions when couched in egalitarian terms. But there remains an intuitive unease which may yet be tapped. One Lt. Lorrie Hayward tells *Time* magazine that "the American people are simply not ready for women coming home in body bags," implying that some day, inevitably, we *will* be "ready." If we would prevent that day from coming, we must begin by repudiating the notion that obliterating sexual distinctions is "progress."

—Matthew Kaufman

Whose man is in Haiti? He was 40ish, of medium height, powerfully built on the way to being stout, and with an obvious gift of speech — he overrode his listeners, particularly since they were in their early and late 20's. He was Leslie Manigat, the place was Caracas, and I was a guest lecturer and full-time participant at the two-week

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conference of the young Christian-Democrat and Christian-Socialist militants from all of South and Central America. I never believed in Christian-whatever political parties, as in time the first adjective wears off and the second turns aggressive: socialist, democrat, liberal, Marxist, national, what have you. But there we were, guests in one of the headquarters of the Christian-Democratic party of Venezuela's President Caldera. The delegates, about 25 of them, were brilliant and politically cultured, with their hearts in militancy and Christ's kingdom.

The time is also interesting to specify: early July 1973, just two months away from the fall of Allende, the idol of most participants, especially of the charming Marxist Catholic from Chile, the youngest of the group and the most fervent to convert me to his political creed. Don't even try, I said. I had been to Chile in 1966, the Jesuits were redder than Lenin, and President Eduardo Frei counted himself, with Maritain and Saul Alinsky (!), as the last revolutionary. From the start, the

Caracas gathering struck a decidedly leftist note: Marxism was the paradigm and Christianity the veneer. Although we discussed "models of society" (my book on Utopia/Heresy had just been published in Spanish, hence the invitation), it was obvious that a certain model was the main dish, identifiably closer to the Cuban reality than to the Colombian or the Venezuelan. The general attitude of the gathering favored socialism, the kind that the Sandinistas were to propagandize before and after they reached power. In short, it was a socialism of the *glasnost* type. It was obvious that my young friends regarded their own parties as the antechamber of tougher things to come; the permanent dream of Christian leftists was about cooperation with the Marxists. (A formula also known as liberation theology.)

Manigat and I got along famously—he is a charming, intelligent man with a notable political intelligence, and with the kind of outlook Latin American academics cultivate (which is no guarantee that, eventually in power, they would practice what they

had preached). Manigat had also taught since he had been a professor at Nanterre, the post-1968 *enfant terrible* of French universities, more radical than a party school. He was self-exiled from Haiti, although he avoided mentioning anything of his association or nonassociation with the Duvalier family.

At the time, my nutshell impression of Leslie Manigat was the following: a smart operator with a powerful ambition to play a political role, a born party leader or at least high official, the kind of which cabinet ministers are made in the Caribbean. These features, then, did not make Manigat very different from many regional intellectuals in an era of political upheavals and changes of fortune. The surroundings underlined these impressions. "Christian-Socialism" was trumpeted everywhere in our discussions, in the news of the day, in the comments of these lively young men, even on the walls where leftist/Catholic posters formed the décor. Jacques Maritain, a great Thomist but a political chameleon, predominated as a cult-figure—with Fr. Teilhard de Chardin a close second (also well able to serve many political visions, all of them unreal and utopian). Strange, there were no posters of the pope, who at the time was Paul VI, author of the left-leaning encyclical *Populorum Progressio* and a Maritain admirer.

So much for the emblematic figures under which the congress was held. The enemies were also represented: the Yankees, capitalism, military juntas (what a blow the takeover by Pinochet was to be!), and social democracy. The only good foreigners were the West German CDU (Christian Democratic Union), which evidently footed the bill for various activities and campaigns. (The Germans fell into the same error as John F. Kennedy a decade earlier when he had counted on the continent's Christian-Democratic/Socialist parties to consolidate the local economic and political situation. It was a German suggestion to invite the Jesuit scholar Gustav Wetter, author of a thorough study of dialectical materialism ["diamat"] to come to Caracas for a lecture. He, however, could not show up.)

The debates focused on models of society, and my opposition to utopian

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Reagan and the Economy: The Successes, Failures and Unfinished Agenda by Michael J. Boskin, San Francisco: Institute for Contemporary Studies Press, distributed by Kampmann and Co., New York; \$22.95. A sympathetic study of Reaganomics, which have created opportunities but which have not been institutionalized.

The Political Morality of the International Monetary Fund (Ethics and Foreign Policy Series, Volume 3) edited by Robert J. Myers, New Brunswick, NJ: Carnegie Council on Ethics and International Affairs. Various economists assay the performance of the IMF, more often than not finding it deficient.

Morality of the Market: Religious and Economic Perspectives edited by Walter Block, Geoffrey Brennan, and Kenneth Elzinga, Vancouver, British Columbia: The Fraser Institute. Milton Friedman, Michael Novak, and two dozen others debate the relationship between capitalism and religion.

Congressional Voting Guide: A Ten Year Compilation of the 99th Congress by Victor W. Bosnich, Washington, DC: Bosnich. Records in sufficient detail to produce indictments of several hundred legislative malefactors.

Mr. Justice Rehnquist, Judicial Activist: The Early Years by Donald E. Boles, Ames, IA: Iowa State University Press. The author, a former chairman of an Iowa Governor's Commission on Human Rights, lives down to his credentials by attempting Borkicide on the Chief Justice.

On Trial: Law, Lawyers, and the Legal System by Benjamin M. Becker and David L. Gibberman, New York: Philosophical Library; \$22.95. A readable (if sometimes simplistic) layman's guide to the tangled court system.

The Latin Americans: Their Love-Hate Relationship With the United States by Carlos Rangel, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books. This splendid work debunks "the conventional wisdom that the poor are poor because the rich are rich," the "all-pervasive myths" of the noble savage and of the good revolutionary, and other tenets of Third Worldism.

models came under heavy criticism. It was clear to the some 25 young men, plus Leslie Manigat, the dean of the group, that my "model" was directed mainly against Marxists and Christian-leftists. Manigat argued well and cogently, and seemed to dislike Castro's regime, while attaching hopes to Allende's. In this too he was similar to so many South American intellectuals, labor leaders, and priests. Yet my impression was and is still that he is too much of a *bon vivant* to embrace the Sandinistas. Also, he seems to be a man ready for compromise.

Those who blame him now for participation in the "farical" elections are armchair do-gooders, ignorant of the Caribbean. Once, after a public lecture at Villanova University, a young refugee from Nicaragua asked me what his nation ought to do to achieve peace and order. "Pray for a good dictator," I answered, convinced that democracy has hardly a chance south of the Rio Grande—or off the coast of Florida. On this issue, Manigat and I agreed, and I am sure he aims at becoming a "good dictator" of Haiti, an improvement over the Duvaliers and even over General Namphy. His nation's chaotic traditions and social structure will not allow him to become a democratic president.

Much will depend on Washington's policy. Haiti is not Nicaragua, and Manigat is not Ortega. He is intelligent enough to want to cultivate his U.S. contacts and his links with Canada, where many Haitians live whose financial support and trust in Haiti's future should work to keep Manigat away from political adventures. Ties with the Vatican and Bonn will also be stabilizing factors. All told, and this may be a sign for coming events, in those two weeks in Caracas, Manigat was a moderating element vis-à-vis the hotheads around the discussion table.

—Thomas Molnar

Western civilization is under attack at American colleges and universities. The most publicized series of incidents is the willingness of the Stanford University faculty to introduce a replacement for Western civilization that includes equal time for minority contributions and women authors. Presumably what the Stanford faculty

has responded to is the charge that the reading list reflects a Euro-centered, male bias with sexist and racist stereotypes. Plato, Aristotle, St. Augustine, John Stuart Mill, Shakespeare, and Dante have been reduced to stereotypes in the New Age.

What is at work at Stanford and elsewhere is curriculum reform through intimidation. Those at the barricades tend to be the vocal reformers who claim that women, the poor, and blacks are insufficiently represented in course readings. As one student activist pointed out to me recently, "It is better to have one reading by a black revolutionary than all the sonnets of Shakespeare." Barry Katz, professor of history at Stanford and member of the academic task force responsible for the new course, contends that "the existing course requirement asserts that we have a common culture and it asserts that it can be defined by a bit of reading in the great works. This has been an affront to a large number of students and faculty, to women and members of minority groups."

The majority of faculty members at Stanford are disappointed with the curriculum reform but went along with it out of a sense of compromise and because of excessive student pressure. However, once the compromise was accepted—namely the acceptance of a new course—the entire faculty can be held accountable for making a travesty of Western culture.

Writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, Isaac Barchas, a student, described the Stanford reform as an "impoverishment of the undergraduate experience." He writes, "For if the Western intellectual tradition has a generally unifying theme, it is that incidental characteristics such as race are irrelevant. One's mind, not one's accidental existence, is the true measure of one's worth." Unfortunately, Mr. Barchas may be in the real minority at Stanford. Carolyn Longee, another faculty member and member of the task force, wrote that "The Western civ course is not a timeless, eternal distillate of human wisdom." In her mind this curriculum can be altered to accommodate the changing ethnic profile of the nation.

But even if we were to take this proposal seriously, how are we to proceed? Saul Bellow implicitly addressed

this question by asking, Where are "the Tolstoy of the Zulus, the Proust of the Papuans"? If we were to take seriously Matthew Arnold's admonition to teach the best that is known and written, we would be hard pressed to give equal weight to authors of color.

Yet in the long run the central desire of these redressers of past wrongs, if achieved, will serve only to undermine the freedom they seem to admire. For it is in the Western tradition that we find the concepts of civil liberties and academic freedom. It is the West that created a civilization which permitted the quest for equality. To undo this tradition is to reintroduce the bestiality, enslavement, and barbarism that characterizes so much of this globe. The tradition of Africa that many black activists espouse is not a tradition that allows either for inalienable rights or the free exchange of ideas which prompted a curriculum reform at Stanford. (For a lengthier discussion of Stanford's woes, see Sidney Hook in this issue).

—Herbert London

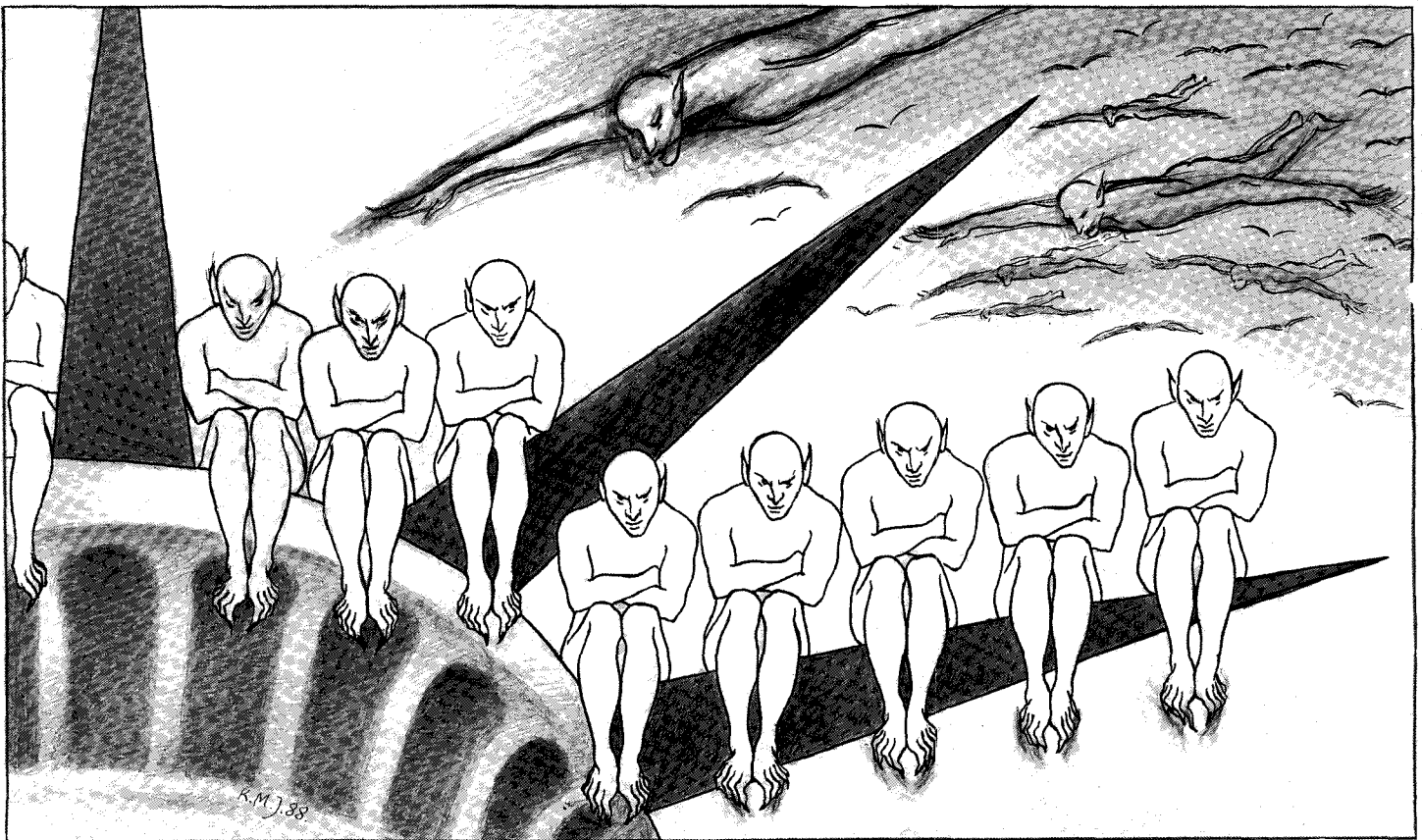
The Salem Conference: The Rise of Nationalism and American Culture, 1788-1830, 14-15 October 1988, Salem State College. Contact: Patricia Parker, Department of English, Salem State College, Salem, MA 01970.

In the three decades after Americans ratified the Constitution and established a new political entity, nationalism emerged as the basis for development of the arts in America. This conscious search for national identity found expression in the first American novel, the first American secular songbooks, the first American dancebook, the first American landscape paintings, the repeal of the theater laws, patriotic epics, and innovative architecture and furniture-making.

The Conference Committee welcomes papers on any of the above topics or others relevant to a consideration of nationalism as a spur for the cultural, literary, and artistic development of the period. The Committee is especially interested in papers that focus on New England.



AVOIDING DEMOCRACY *by Thomas Fleming*



Does America exist anymore, or is the nation only a fantasy concocted out of old Frank Capra movies, civics classes, and pamphlets from the Department of Education? The weight of the evidence suggests the latter. Twenty years ago—ancient history by the standards of the press—a considerable number of young men who refused to fight in Vietnam were willing to riot in the streets for the rights of Indians, Southeast Asians, and various American minorities; leaders of the American Indian Movement have from time to time claimed the rights of sovereignty for the tribal fragments living on reservations; Japanese Americans, while asserting all the rights of citizenship, sue the people of the United States for the mild, although not always justified, safety measures taken by Earl Warren and President Roosevelt in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor; and for several

decades illegal aliens have been swarming across our southern border, finding refuge with dishonest fruit-growers and religious communities willing to sacrifice the public good to the inner light of personal revelation; their children, according to the courts, must be educated at the local taxpayers' expense because an American education is a basic human right for all the world's population. The rumors about American education must not have made their way down to Mexico.

National identity and the privileges of citizenship have been in conflict since the war for American independence. Were loyalists traitors to America or faithful subjects of the King? If they stayed long enough to be judged traitors, did they have the rights of citizens after the war? (The answer is yes.) Were Indians American citizens or were their tribes

subject nations? (No and maybe.) The biggest question turned, of course, on the status of blacks—both free and slave.

In a country where slavery was legal and embedded in the Constitution and where only white immigrants could be naturalized as citizens, the status of free blacks was a puzzle. The pieces were not really sorted out until fairly late, when the issue became a matter of sectional loyalty. Inevitably most Southerners (with the support of a good many Northern men) came to insist that slave or free, blacks were not and could not be citizens. The Yankee political leadership, just as inevitably, took the opposite view.

The controversy came to a head in the famous case of *Dred Scott*. In the 1830's Scott's owner, an army doctor, had taken his slave to the free soil of Illinois and the Wisconsin territory. The doctor returned to Missouri with his servant, and after his death, the widow married an abolitionist who wished to use the matter as a test case in the courts. In 1852 the Missouri Supreme Court ruled that while Scott could have been freed in the four years he spent in the North, his servile status was reconfirmed upon returning to Missouri.

The issue, however, was potentially larger than the simple question of *Dred Scott*'s legal status, and when in 1856 the Supreme Court ruled against Scott, Chief Justice Roger Taney decided to take up the whole question of citizenship. Writing for the majority, Taney argued that blacks did not have the right even to bring suit in federal courts, since they could not be citizens. Citizenship, he argued, was restricted to the people of the United States at the time the Constitution was ratified, to their descendants, and to those white foreigners who had been adopted into the commonwealth. No free state could make blacks citizens, because that right belonged to Congress acting for the nation as a whole. By denying them such basic rights as voting, jury service, and office holding, Northern states made it plain that they did not actually include free blacks in their citizen bodies.

In his dissent Justice Benjamin Curtis pointed out that the constitutions of several states had given citizenship to all free-born natives, regardless of color. It was up to the states, he argued, to determine who their citizens were, and state citizens were automatically national citizens. What a strange situation, in which Taney, the Jacksonian Democrat, supports the national government against the states rights claims of abolitionists. The technical and legal questions inspired by the decision will never be solved, but the judgment against Scott was the only possible decision for the court to hand down: it has only been in this century that courts have regularly usurped the power to make laws. The Chief Justice himself upheld the right of Congress to change the law—and nothing so marks the dishonesty of American historiography as the vilification that Taney has endured posthumously.

In the great national debate, the strict-constructionist argument was simple: Citizens were citizens; there could be no degrees. While women and children exercised their rights primarily through the male head of the family, this was an arrangement universal in the human species. Even property qualifications were not a genuine civil disability, since anyone could, at least theoretically, work to acquire

the necessary wealth. The case of free blacks in the North was, however, entirely different. No matter what the merits of the individual might be, no matter what his service to his country (Lincoln was dubious about the political rights even of black Union veterans), he could never take his place as a political equal.

Some politicians fell back on the convenient notion that the word *citizen* in America meant no more than subject in the common law tradition. A subject is simply someone born in allegiance to the crown or, in our case, to the government of the United States. In return for his allegiance the subject was protected in his property and guaranteed the rights of due process. Some citizen-subjects could vote, hold office, serve on juries. Others could not. Progressive thinkers then and now saw nothing wrong in having a servile, dependent class of second-class "citizens."

The merits of such an argument and of such political distinctions are strictly historical. The American notion of citizenship did in part grow out of English law on subjectship, and recent scholars have quite correctly related our own debates to the differing traditions of English law and political philosophy. In the older common law tradition, birthright conferred perpetual subjectship. In the simplest case, anyone born on English soil was an English subject, and the English periodically reassured themselves that the King's heirs were really subjects, even if they were born in a foreign country. The newer doctrine of consent was argued by John Locke and even more radically by William Godwin. The accident of birth could not, it was argued, condemn a man to perpetual allegiance. Upon reaching maturity a subject was free to choose his nationality. (By the same token, Locke interpreted the family as a sort of contract for mutual benefit; grown children owed nothing to their parents.) Under the old doctrine, free black natives were obviously subjects, but by the terms of the new liberal argument, citizenship was based on tacit agreements between the state and its citizens, and the grounds for such a contract between the United States and free blacks proved hard to establish. Ironically, it proved easier to deny black citizenship on Locke's liberal grounds than under the older common law.

But in addition to the twin English traditions of subjectship, there is the ancient notion of citizenship that was partially revived by the English republicans. Citizens were not, in a Greek polis, passive recipients of equal rights to legal due process; they were active participants in the life of the commonwealth. They served on juries, met periodically in the assembly, and—in the fullest understanding of the term—they could and did hold public offices. Citizenship was almost entirely based on the *ius sanguinis*, the right of descent, since the polis was essentially an extended family and not, as in the case of a modern nation, a marketplace of rights and obligations. At Sparta even birth was not enough: boys had to go through the rigors of Spartan education if they wished to join the *homoioi* (equals).

Perhaps because of their affection for the classics, Southerners were prominent among the many Americans who embraced this active conception of citizenship. If they were wrong about a great many other things, they were at least passionate in their devotion to country. It is no accident that rural people in general, and Southerners in particular, have

given America so many of her greatest soldiers. They believed, again quite passionately, that no one can be a good citizen if he shirks his military obligation, avoids jury duty, or shrinks from the sordid reality of public service.

The Civil War and the 14th Amendment settled permanently the question of slavery; it did not solve the problem of citizenship. On the one hand, blacks continued to suffer under a variety of legal disabilities that made a mockery of the 14th Amendment's solemn declaration that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside." On the other hand, the Amendment restored the old and largely irrelevant doctrines of the common law. The American way of life, that is, the product of the peculiar virtues and habits of the American people, includes a generous—some would say too generous—provision for the welfare of the unfortunate. In ancient Athens, the existence of welfare benefits compelled the Athenians to put rigid restrictions on citizenship. In America, the opposite is the case. Illegal immigrants are given amnesty, and legal aliens are free to avail themselves of a smorgasbord of rights and benefits with no strings attached. Under the circumstances, it is hard to see what citizenship means or what advantages citizens possess.

The rediscovery of citizenship is among the most pressing problems faced by the American nation. One hundred years ago enlightened and progressive political leaders panicked at the thought of so many immigrants from Ireland and from southern and eastern Europe. They not only began to tighten restrictions on immigration—probably a sensible move—but they also decided to use the power of government in their effort to Americanize the newcomers. Many of the most objectionable features of our educational and welfare systems were designed as measures to convert or control the Catholics. They only succeeded in temporarily alienating them from the mainstream. In the end, Irish and Italian Catholics became just as good Americans as the Swedish Protestants who attended public schools, but we are still saddled with the coercive mechanisms of Americanization.

In their effort to define America as an idea that can be taught, progressive educators and journalists turned to the slogans of the French Revolution for their inspiration. We can hardly blame the immigrant children for growing up to believe that the United States was created by the 14th Amendment, or that equality was the most basic principle of the Constitution. Unfortunately, many of these Americanized newcomers grew up to be journalists and educators themselves, and ever since the First World War we have had to hear the clichés of Americanization parroted back to us by the second- and third-generation immigrants who dominate over the nation's conscience from their citadels in the northeast.

The worst mistake we could make at this point in our history—and there are those in the U.S. Department of Education who are eager to make it—would be to rely on education, once again, as the remedy for our immigration problem. European Catholics are one thing, Buddhists from Asia and Caribbean devotees of Santería and voodoo quite another. Increasingly, we are told that it is not only in our interest, it is also positively our duty to open the country to

anyone who wishes to come, whatever his motives and whatever his prospects. The open border is, in fact, more or less the present reality. In such circumstances, we have only two choices: either redefine the United States as an imperial state whose subjects are held together only by ties of law and bureaucracy—which is what our ruling class seems to have in mind—or else rethink the meaning of national citizenship.

In their recent book, *Citizenship Without Consent*, Yale scholars Peter Schuck and Roger Smith draw attention to the major flaw in our liberal understanding of citizenship. If nationality is largely a matter of consent, a contract between citizens and the nation, then it is within the power of either party to withhold their consent. While urging a more generous immigration policy, Schuck and Smith take the necessary—and very risky—step of arguing against *ius soli* citizenship: How can the American people or the government be said to "consent," when illegal aliens or casual travelers bear children upon American soil?

This is an important step in the right direction; however, it is not necessary to restrict our conception of citizenship to the bloodless abstractions of John Locke and international law. As an alternative, we as a nation might reconsider our own old-fashioned and robust citizenship as one of the answers to the growing problem of ethnic strife in America. No matter how generous we are in our immigration policies, Schuck and Smith are right: the notion that anyone accidentally born in U.S. territory automatically becomes a citizen—as the 14th Amendment seems to guarantee—has to be abandoned. It derives from the all but irrelevant common law doctrine of *ius soli*. We cannot as a nation continue to tolerate the large number of illegal aliens who come to America for the sole purpose of producing citizens or finding jobs.

As a corollary, we would need to redefine the duties—as opposed to the rights—of citizens. Any minimum definition would have to include: the obligation to vote, to serve in something like the National Guard, and to pay taxes. Refusal to perform such duties or the willingness to live on the nation's bounty as a welfare dependent would result in an automatic (although not necessarily permanent) change of status from citizen to subject. As a subject, the shirker would enjoy equal protection under the laws but could not vote, hold office, or serve on juries. Rich and poor would be affected alike, since the poor are more likely to go on welfare, while the rich are more likely to evade military service. (Remember Vietnam?) Combat duty should wipe the slate clean.

Why do I think we will never consider something like the above? Think about it. Minority spokesmen would lose their clout, the liberal rich could not continue to send poor blacks out to die for their favorite charities—like the suicidal Lebanese or social justice (democratic or Marxist) in Central America. We could begin to deport all noncitizens on welfare. Rioting Iranians would be shown the door within 24 hours, like guests that have overstayed their welcome. Real democracy, the strong democracy advocated by leftists like Benjamin Barber, might then be allowed to function, and the movers and shakers of both parties would dry up and blow away like flies on the wall. Democracy? Good lord, anything but that!



PLURALISM IN MINIATURE *by Harold O.J. Brown*

Science was a sacred cow in the United States in the 1950's. The words "Science says . . ." came with all the force of an imperial command. Pluralism has taken on the same status in the late 1980's. As soon as the words "Our pluralistic society will not permit . . ." are uttered, Nativity scenes are dismantled, Christmas vacation becomes Winter Holiday, and a moment of silence in public schools is no longer merely a vain illusion but a prohibited sin against pluralism. But say "Our pluralistic society requires . . ." and homosexual activists receive affirmative action support for job demands, parents need not be notified of a minor daughter's intention to abort their grandchild, and Rotary Clubs and saunas are *gleichgeschaltet* into unisex. Whether or not one endorses pluralism seems to be a litmus test for whether one is *persona grata* in the modern world.

But what is pluralism? One of evangelist Dwight L. Moody's most articulate successors, Pastor Erwin Lutzer of Chicago's Moody Church, calls it "one of the myths that could destroy America." But English scholar Os Guinness, a Fellow of The Brookings Institute, an associate of the late Francis Schaeffer, and no less evangelical than Lutzer, lauds the United States in contrast to Britain *because* of our pluralism (as he understands it). We have no established church in the United States, in contrast to Britain, yet Christianity is more vital and has a greater influence on life in America than in formally Anglican Britain. Whose evaluation of pluralism is correct? It all depends on what we mean by pluralism. In a chapter entitled "Value Pluralism and Its Consequences," Austrian economists Christof Gaspari and Hans Millendorfer write: "As has been shown, socio-hierarchical systems require . . . the definition of a goal that more or less directly serves to realize a model of fulfilled human life. This implies, however, that the individuals who sustain such a social unit are committed to an accepted common model and that in such a unit there must be a basic consensus about the way to structure a fulfilled life."

Gaspari and Millendorfer distinguish between pluralism of method and value pluralism. Where a consensus of values prevails, freedom and variety can reign in the methods by which those values are furthered. But where no consensus concerning fundamental values exists, the system becomes disoriented. If pluralism simply means that differ-



ent cultures, ethnic groups, religious and political affiliations can productively exist side by side, then the oldest functioning democracy, Switzerland, offers a fine example thereof. But if pluralism means fundamental disagreement about basic ideals and values—what Gaspari and Millendorfer mean by value pluralism—then Switzerland is not pluralistic at all. If any country in Europe could have a reason to be pluralistic, Switzerland would seem to be it. Switzerland has a population of six and one-half million, spread over a territory of 16,000 square miles—most of them steeply inclined. Those 16,000 square miles are divided into 25—more recently, 26—"sovereign" cantons—which are a great deal more sovereign than the individual states in our federal system. (Canton Jura split off from Bern a few years ago, over linguistic and religious differences that had produced at least a little violence.) Switzerland calls itself a confederation, and it really is much more federal than the United States. Income taxes, for example, are paid something like 45 percent to one's township, 45 percent to one's canton, and 10 percent to the *Bund*, the Swiss federal government (like everything else in Switzerland, this varies from canton to canton, but the pattern is relatively constant all over Switzerland).

Six and one-half million people speak four languages, three of which they share with much larger neighbors: German (70+ percent), French (20+ percent), Italian (5 percent), and a derivative of Latin called Romansh (about 50,000 people). The "German" element reads and writes standard German but speaks something called Swiss

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German, which is at least as different from German as Italian is from Spanish. "Let's go see if there is anything to eat," in German is: "*Gehen wir schauen, ob es etwas zu essen gibt*," but in Swiss German: "*Gommer goh luege, ob's oppis z'aesse hett*" (or something similar, depending on the canton).

Until recently, Switzerland had a slight Protestant majority, belonging to the state-supported Reformed Church (launched by Ulrich Zwingli in Zürich and John Calvin in Geneva, but a far cry from their ideals today). In recent years, thanks to a higher Catholic birthrate and to the large number of Catholic "guest workers," Catholics have become the majority. Jews, members of independent Protestant churches and of other groups such as the Latter-day Saints (Mormons), and religiously unaffiliated citizens comprise a very small but growing minority. There are a few cantons that are almost exclusively Catholic, several that have a strong Protestant majority, and several that are rather equally divided. Religious tensions still exist, despite the ecumenical movement. Protestant Klosters yet remember how the Catholic Austrians burned the parish church and much of the town in the Thirty Years War (1620), and the town manifests a ritualistic but perceptible anti-Catholicism. The Forest Cantons of central Switzerland, Luzern, Schwyz, Ob- and Nidwalden, and Uri still remember how they slew the Reformer Zwingli in battle when he rashly tried to force them to accept Protestantism, and sometimes they act as though they would be willing to do it again today.

Politically, Switzerland is a multiparty society with the parties organized cantonally, so that not all parties exist in all cantons. It is a sincerely capitalized economy, but with a high level of social welfare, tightly controlled and supervised. Although there are great differences in relative wealth, poverty hardly exists, and class consciousness is not pronounced. Every physically fit Swiss man must serve in the military from age 20 to 50. In order to become an officer, one must first become a noncommissioned officer and pass through a series of special courses and extra tours of duty. M.D.'s, Ph.D.'s, bank directors, and university professors serve in the ranks unless and until they make the effort to complete the extra duty necessary to advance in grade. There is a small pacifist and conscientious objector movement, but the Swiss in general approve of their army.

Geographically, Switzerland looks as though it were formed by breaking little pieces off of France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. It has hardly any natural frontiers: Part of Basel is on the German side of the Rhine, virtually in Germany; the whole Canton of Schaffhausen is surrounded by Germany, except for a tiny piece; Geneva is virtually in France, and Samnaun in Austria. The whole Italian-speaking Canton of Ticino is south of the Alps and geographically might make more sense belonging to Italy.

If we look at countries where two languages are spoken, such as Belgium and Canada, we see how bitter and divisive linguistic rivalry can become. Switzerland has four, or even five. Linguistic divisions even exist within individual cantons: Fribourg, Valais, and parts of Bern have two languages, and the Grisons actually have three. In Northern Ireland, Protestant-Catholic animosity has produced years of virtual civil war, and Switzerland remains religiously divided. The mountaineers of Valais or the Grisons are as rustic as the

Genevans and Baslers are sophisticated. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the First World War, and even the Second, many Swiss strongly supported one belligerent, many the other. Most Americans associate Switzerland with French-speaking Geneva, but actually Switzerland is predominantly Germanic; during the First World War, most Swiss sympathized with the Central Powers, at least at first, and during the Second, Hitler exercised a great pull with his early political and military successes and his appeal to all the Germanic tribes to come "*Heim ins Reich*" (home to the Reich). There was even a bit of anti-Semitism, but the Confederation courageously followed the lead of French-speaking General Henri Guisan and presented a united front against Nazi threats as well as enticements. During and after World War II, virtually all Swiss adopted an anti-Nazi, anti-German attitude even to the point of sounding ostentatiously self-righteous. At least some Swiss intellectuals maintain a similar attitude today towards the United States and our military involvements, such as Vietnam, Central America, and the SDI. Swiss politicians in general appreciate American firmness vis-à-vis the Soviet Union.

American foreign and economic policies since World War II have been dominated and rendered foolish by a kind of illusion of invulnerability. Not only do we allow virtually all foreign powers to attack us, literally or figuratively—our enemies because they are our enemies, our supposed allies because we don't want to lord it over them, Third World aid recipients because our gifts are not supposed to be bribes, etc.—we also allow our own leaders—Congress, media, even administration bureaucrats—to do so. Switzerland, by contrast, is obsessed with the idea of its own vulnerability, and this is one of the two principal reasons why ethnic, cultural, and religious pluralism in Switzerland does not have the disintegrative consequences that it does in the United States. The second reason lies in the fact that Swiss society, despite the inroads of agnosticism, atheism, existentialism, materialism, and militant secularistic humanism, has preserved a deep, residual Christian orientation, particularly evident in the Swiss version of the Protestant work ethic. (As indicated above, Switzerland now has a slight Roman Catholic majority, but it maintains a stronger Protestant work ethic than any other Western nation. While Germans, Americans, and others demand 35- and 32-hour work weeks, the Swiss a few years ago rejected by *popular referendum* a proposal to cut their working week to 40 hours. At the same time, three-week paid vacations are the minimum in Switzerland, and most employees get four to six weeks after attaining a modest degree of seniority.)

As Gaspari and Millendorfer point out, a viable social unit can function without compulsion, in freedom, only when there is "an accepted common model and . . . a basic consensus about the way to structure a fulfilled life." In Switzerland, there is such a consensus both on national purpose and on individual fulfillment. As indicated earlier, the individual Swiss cantons have much more sovereignty than a state of the United States. *Der Bund, la Confédération*, i.e., the Swiss federal government, has a clearly perceived and agreed upon mission: preserving Swiss national interests against all potential threats. Neutral Switzerland is more heavily armed for its size than any other free country except Israel, and despite all their diplomatic polish,

the Swiss are just about as distrustful of all their neighbors (except for Liechtenstein and possibly Austria) as Israel is of the Arabs. The Swiss are in one sense very internationally minded, but they resolutely put first things first. In 1986, in a nationwide referendum, the Swiss rejected by a substantial majority the proposal that Switzerland become a member of the United Nations. The government and most of the media urged membership, but the Swiss people massively refused, on the grounds that the UN regularly meddles in the affairs of member nations—for example, by demanding sanctions against South Africa.

The Swiss regularly profess abhorrence of the *apartheid* system, but they are not prepared to seek to change foreign governments by economic, diplomatic, or military sanctions. All of the industrialized Western European nations have “enjoyed” a large influx of foreign workers, but in contrast to West Germany, the Swiss have kept the problem under control by a severe limitation of the duration of work permits. Under the Social Democrats in the late 1960’s and 1970’s, West Germany tried to establish “equality” for several million foreign workers, giving them virtually every benefit short of citizenship. Consequently, despite economic conditions that make them totally superfluous, West Germany is now faced with the continuing presence of several million hard-to-assimilate foreigners. The Swiss avoid this problem by giving most foreigners work permits valid for nine months only, renewable only after three months outside of Switzerland. Being born in Switzerland does not make one Swiss. A native Swiss must have at least one Swiss parent. In order to be naturalized, an immigrant must find a local community (*Gemeinde, commune*, i.e., township) willing to accept him by popular vote. Children of non-Swiss, if born and/or raised in Switzerland, can more easily become citizens, but it is not automatic. There is no such thing as landing or going ashore in the last stages of pregnancy, giving birth to an instant citizen, and then applying for a visa as a relative of a citizen, as is common in the USA and Canada. An American educator with whom I discussed this a few days ago reacted in shocked horror at the Swiss attitude: “A genetic criterion for citizenship!” Quite so; the Swiss find it altogether *natural* and act accordingly; Americans find it natural, too, but are intimidated by doctrinaire liberalism and sacred pluralism into denying their natural instincts and creating a situation in which we are morally incapable of defending our frontiers.

The Swiss sometimes adopt a rather sanctimonious attitude towards normal self-interest on the part of other nations: a recent major article in *Reformiertes Forum*, the major publication of Swiss Protestantism, lauded the “sanctuary” movement in which some American churches shelter “refugees” that the American government considers illegal while uttering pious denunciations of American immigration and foreign policy. The *Forum* makes it plain that it shares the judgment that U.S. policies are jingoistic, repressive, and immoral. However, similar attempts to create sanctuaries in Swiss churches—and Swiss immigration policy is both more restrictive and far more efficiently policed than U.S. policy—have been rather promptly suppressed with very little hand-wringing. The Swiss allow themselves the luxury of telling Americans how we ought to react to an influx of illegal immigrants, but they have no

To Clare

by James Michie

No bigger than my hand, I see a cloud
Over your mind. I comment, you deny it;
And then because we’re both of us too proud
To talk about it—silence. By and by, it
Lours, but your thunder never speaks out loud,
Nor will your lightning ever clarify it.
So gloom persists for days, for half a week, say:
Since we’re in France I’d call the weather *fixé*.

‘Stormy’ barometers, when gently tapped,
Improve to ‘Variable,’ if not ‘Set Fair,’
But whether you are kissed or stroked or slapped,
Whether I care too much or try to care
Not in the least, adapt or don’t adapt,
Low pressure remains constant. Well, that’s Clare.
Although I sometimes want to throw a bomb at her,
She’s still my only fair, unfair barometer.

Without you in the sitting-room, the hall,
The kitchen, not to mention rooms more private,
There’d be no meteorology at all,
No winds to shiver in, heat-waves to revive at,
Or snow for fun, but just a cosmic pall
(Conclusion I’ve been hoping not to arrive at)
Of grey, undifferentiated mist:
The self-made climate of the solipsist.

intention of doing likewise in Switzerland, as they know that such a policy would be speedy national suicide. The United States is a far vaster country, and it takes us longer to injure ourselves fatally; the Swiss quickly calculate the implications of lax immigration policies for Swiss national survival and act accordingly.

Switzerland, with its six and one-half million people, produces as much of what it needs as it possibly can. Farming is heavily subsidized—not by direct payments, but by setting import regulations that permit Swiss farmers to sell their produce at prices that enable them to make a decent living. Milk, for example, costs about Fr. 1.60 per liter—\$1.25 per quart at present rates—and good beef as much as Fr. 30.00 or even more per kilogram—\$10.00 or more per pound. Prices across the border in Germany are 30-50 percent cheaper, and frontier dwellers do cross over for a liter or two of milk or a couple of pounds of steak, but in general Swiss buy Swiss food when available, despite the high prices, without complaint. They know that French, German, Italian, and American farmers are not going to feed them in a crisis, and so they want to keep their farms alive.

The Swiss do not try to manufacture things that exceed their practical capacity. There is no automobile industry in Switzerland, apart from one luxury model. But they do manufacture weapons and military equipment of all kinds—for their own army, but also for others. Most consumer goods—clothes, appliances, heavy and fine machinery, their own locomotives and rolling stock, pharma-

ceuticals, office equipment, and the like *are* manufactured. Imagine that diversity of productivity in Chicagoland (Chicago and its suburbs), with its slightly larger population, or even in the entire state of Illinois. Swiss, wherever possible, buy Swiss, whatever it may cost, "for the quality," but also out of a clear sense of self-preservation.

The Swiss do not believe in deficit financing, and they do believe in maintaining the value of the Swiss franc. When foreigners, despite horribly high real estate prices, start buying too much land, the Swiss yell "Ueberfremdung" (over-alienation) and prohibit it. They believe in the free market and have relatively free trade, but they do not believe in allowing themselves to be put out of business or bought out by foreigners.

Switzerland certainly owes much to its Christians and especially its Calvinist heritage. Even though the majority is no longer Protestant, and most of the Protestants know little about John Calvin, all Swiss share two Calvinist convictions: (1) the depravity of man; and (2) the obligation to work as hard and as well as possible. The former makes them realize that there is no such thing as a free lunch and suspect that everyone else is out to steal a lunch at Swiss expense. The second conviction remains in force, although the Swiss have forgotten that for Calvin it was "soli Deo gloria"—the glory of God alone—that counted.

If Switzerland faces a danger to its spirit today, it is because Swiss society has virtually lost its Christian foundation. If there is one advantage to the Swiss established

Church system, it may lie in its prevention of the powerful religious symbolism of Christianity from being expelled from public consciousness, as is being done in the United States. This, perhaps, may permit the civic virtues of Christianity in Switzerland to survive a generation or two longer than the faith itself.

Switzerland is a society of practical pluralism—great cultural diversity, a great personal freedom. Swiss intellectuals inveigh against their own "bourgeois mentality"—"Buenzligeist" (petty Swiss federalism?) in German—but not too effectively. Unlike the Germans, they do not sing a Swiss version of "Deutschland ueber Alles"—in fact, practically no Swiss knows his own national anthem by heart. Whenever someone actually says, "Switzerland first!" most Swiss recoil in polite horror. They know that it isn't nice to *say* it. But they also know that it is absolutely necessary to *do* it. And they act accordingly. They exemplify an understanding of the Gaspari-Millendorfer maxim, and have and follow a basic consensus about the way to structure a fulfilled life. Where a consensus of values exists, great freedom and variety can reign. But where no consensus concerning fundamental values exists, the system becomes disoriented. Switzerland is an example of a successful pluralism, but a very special kind of pluralism, one that can exist in the United States only if we recover what Switzerland has not yet lost: that basic consensus about the way to structure life.

THE COLOR OF CULTURE *by Sidney Hook*

As an observer of the educational scene at Stanford University during the last 14 years, I am taking the liberty of offering some comments on the proposed reforms in the course on Western culture. Among my professional interests has been a prolonged concern with the philosophy of education and with the philosophy of the curriculum. I greeted with approval the reintroduction of the course in Western culture in 1980 and have followed closely the discussions of the various reform proposals for it. Such discussions about the courses on Western culture—their content, their organization, and the most effective methods of teaching them—have been held on many other campuses. Two things, however, are distinctive about the discussion at Stanford.

The first is the almost complete absence of reference to a considerable literature by highly qualified scholars on the genuine problems that are involved in exploring perfectly legitimate differences about methods of approach, content, Western or universal (world) orientation. For example, a few years ago a national conference was convened at Michigan State University on the subject: *What Americans Should Know: Western Civilization or World History?* The pub-

lished proceedings (1984) were edited with an introduction by Professor Josef W. Konvitz. There is hardly a single topic of educational interest broached in the discussion at Stanford during the last two years that has not been considered in depth in those proceedings—including questions of periodization, chronological coverage, and the extent to which the cultures and histories of other areas of the world should be integrated into the required course. For all the differences among participants, the discussions were conducted on a distinguished intellectual level. The bibliographical references call attention to other scholarly writings on world history and world culture courses. The discussion at Stanford seems to have ignored a considerable amount of relevant literature on the central themes in dispute.

The second distinctive thing about the discussion at Stanford is the deplorable level of discourse and the denunciatory abuse which have marked the exchange of different points of view. The course in Western culture at Stanford has been attacked as racist, sexist, and imperialistic. One critic of the course declared that Western culture as it stands is "not just racist education, it is the education of racists." More distressing even than this violation of civilized discourse was the lack of appropriate response from the humanistic scholars who have taught in and designed the program, and who should have protested the degradation of the intellectual level of the discussion.

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Proposals were made to reform the alleged bias in the course on Western culture by the injection of material from non-Western culture, Third World countries, and from spokesmen for feminists and the various oppressed minorities. They elicited some relevant technical objections to their feasibility and desirability—limited time, inadequate personnel, and their relative significance for the perennial problems of reflective life central to the course. These objections were fiercely denounced as a mask for the expression of racism and as more subtle manifestations of the spirit of intolerance and violence evident in the outrages at Howard Beach and elsewhere. The pages of the *Stanford Daily* contain the most intemperate and irresponsible charges of racism against those who defended retaining the course on Western culture, with some modification, on various educational grounds. Among the grounds was the approval of the overwhelming number of students who had completed the course over the years. Some declared it to be the high point of their educational experience.

The extent to which the discussion of the course on Western culture became politicized is evidenced in the shouting protest march of last January on the Stanford senate led by the Reverend Jesse Jackson demanding the abolition of the course. The marchers chanted: "Hey, hey, ho, ho: Western culture has got to go." Whatever his contributions to American life and culture, the Reverend Jesse Jackson is not known for his contributions to curricular reform on the collegiate level. That the members of the Senate and Academic Council of Stanford University should be in need of instruction from Mr. Jackson on the essentials of liberal education is preposterous. One can very well imagine what the reaction of the Stanford faculty would have been to a march on the senate by the Reverend Pat Robertson demanding that the course in Western culture be Christianized.

It goes without saying that there is no justification for any expression of racism, especially in an educational institution, and above all in an institution like Stanford. An assertion that Stanford's course in Western culture is an expression of racism is no more credible to any informed person than the charge that The Hoover Institution is a hotbed of Communism.

As morally offensive as any expression of racism is, a false charge of racism is equally offensive—perhaps even more so—because the consequences of a false charge enable an authentic racist to conceal his racism by exploiting the loose way the term is used to cover up his actions. The same is true of a false charge of sexism or anti-Semitism. This is the lesson we should all have learned from the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Because of his false and irresponsible charges of Communism against liberals, Socialists, and others among his critics, many Communists and agents of Communist influence sought to pass themselves off as Jeffersonian democrats or merely idealistic reformers. They would all complain they were victims of Red-baiting to prevent criticism and exposure. The First Amendment, of course, gives everyone the right to express his or her sentiments whatever they are—Communist, fascist, racist, sexist, anti-Semitic, or what not—provided his or her words are not an incitement to violence. Students have a right to profess and hear all views. But there is such a thing as the



ethics of words, as the great American philosopher Charles Pierce once observed, and their violation is an intellectual crime, especially in an academic community.

There is no need to go over the thoroughly plowed ground to justify the course in Western culture. Aside from the intrinsic value of the study of the outstanding books, ideas, movements, and personalities that constitute their subject matter, this course seeks to familiarize students with their common legacy, including the conflicting cultural traditions of the past that have shaped the present and contributed to some of our current difficulties and dilemmas. The materials studied have in part provided us with the basic categories of thought, the conceptual tools, sentiments, and dispositions with which to approach the central problems of a reflective life. Far from leading to a glorification of the *status quo*, as ignorant detractors charge, the knowledge imparted by such courses, properly taught, is essential to understanding the world of our own experience, whether one seeks to alter or preserve it. Indeed, the ideals of tolerance, the limitations of ethnocentrism, the Utopian visions invoked by critics of Western society and its institutions are all expressed in the literature studied in the course in Western culture. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that of all cultures of which we have knowledge, Western culture has been the most critical of itself.

I have discussed elsewhere, and at length, the manifold

ways in which a course in Western culture on the model of the existing courses at Stanford contributes to enriching the internal landscape of the student's mind, regardless of the individual's specialized vocational choice. Essential to such a course is a common core of readings, modifiable from time to time, without which a coherent, unified program of studies in Western culture, allowing for diversified approaches, cannot be achieved.

Before examining more closely the proposed reform of the course on Western culture, some observations are in order. The fact that the overwhelming number of students who have completed the course profess to be highly satisfied with its content and manner of instruction, although relevant, is not a decisive consideration. Students should be consulted on any matter that affects them, but the faculty, which confers their degrees, bears the ultimate responsibility for deciding what to teach them, how, and when. A faculty cannot surrender its authority to pressure groups inside or outside the university without stultification.

Secondly, I have already referred to the myth that the tradition of Western culture is something unitary or monolithic rather than a complex of conflicting traditions including those of dissent. I would go further. There is no definitive meaning or moral in any required text that is necessarily imposed on students by its study. A competent teacher can, with any required text, play the role of devil's or angelic advocate. In my teaching days, confronted by a class of skeptics, I would make them see the force of the logic of beliefs in transcendence in its strongest and most sophisticated form. Faced with those frozen in dogmatic religious belief, I would make them aware of the formidable power of Humean skepticism. The greatness of Plato's *Republic* as a perennial philosophical text is that it lends itself to the exciting counterposition of arguments and sentiments on both sides of themes that have contemporary vibrancy, such as feminism, censorship, the defects of democracy, the snares of totalitarianism, and many others. And this without reliance on the feeble dialectic of Socrates' interrogation; the teacher can further this open approach with occasional reference to supplementary reading.

Thirdly, some of the criticisms of the course are clearly bizarre and others manifestly unwarranted. One of these criticisms asserts that the content and standards of Western culture were restricted to "elite members of Western society." But under the social conditions of the past, who else but the elite could be the creators of culture? Does this criticism imply that the elite contributions are beyond the capacity of Stanford students? What has happened to the pursuit of excellence? Not so long ago Dean Wessells declared that Stanford "continues to assemble on the faculty a group of persons who are among this country's—and indeed the world's—leading scholar/teachers." He goes on to say "the university's undergraduate body is elite by anyone's standards." With a teaching body and student body of this character, what objection can there be to a study of the elite culture of the elite? What else has come down to us?

We are also told "that the elite ideas are not the totality of meaningful ideas in a society." Of course if they were, they wouldn't be elite. Yet this tautology is offered as a critique of Western culture. There is a wide variety of other courses in

sociology, anthropology, economic history, politics, etc. in which other aspects of society can be studied. In my Jefferson Lecture, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, "The Humanities and the Defense of Freedom," I have argued that Western democracy owes more to the trade unions and the dissident churches than to the elite humanist tradition. But the justification for the study of the great works of Western culture is not political. The oft-repeated charge that the Western culture program "propounds white male values and slights the contributions of women and minority groups to the development of the Western tradition" is simply unwarranted.

Finally, the epistemology of the criticism of Western culture is primitive and mistaken especially in the demand that faculty be recruited from "women and people of color" to study ideas and aspects of culture that involve them. Where ideas are concerned, the primary consideration is mastery of subject and not identification with it. One does not have to be German to study Luther or the German Reformation, or sympathetic to the Nazis to study Hitler. One might as well argue that men cannot be gynecologists, that only women are best qualified to study family law, or that only fat physicians can study obesity or hungry people the phenomenon of starvation. One of the greatest contributions to the exposure and struggle against racism in the United States was made by Gunnar Myrdal—a Swedish white man. Race, color, religion, national origin, and sexual orientation are neither necessary nor sufficient conditions for the fruitful study of the humanities or any subject. In scholarship as in sport today—alas! it was not always so!—the quest should always be for the best qualified.

Scholars in the natural and medical sciences may feel that the aberrant notions I have described above can prevail only in the soft disciplines of the humanities and social studies. Let them not delude themselves. If such views are not laid to rest, wherever they manifest themselves, they will make their presence felt in recruiting in the natural and medical sciences as well. In some of these fields in the past there have been disgraceful and invidious practices of discrimination on the basis of race, religion, and sex. The abolition of discrimination must not be a preface to any kind of reverse discrimination. In some areas we are already hearing criticism of the concept of objectivity and culture-free criteria of scientific validity and claims about the "efficiency of non-Western medical systems" which presumably should be integrated into the curriculum of our medical schools.

Many features of the proposed reform of the current course in Western culture are of dubious educational value when contrasted with their educational alternatives. Two of them are fatal to any worthwhile course. The first is the absence of a core of required texts in all tracks. The second is the restriction of the time to be covered to 500 years, which in effect gives the impression that Western culture today is the residue of the cultural achievements from the 15th century to the present. Would it were so! Western culture would be less complex and in some respects better. But the legacy of the ancient and medieval world is still with us.

There is no need to despair that the contrasts, influence, and interactions of non-Western cultures on Western civilization will be lost or neglected. Knowledgeable and skillful

teaching can introduce references to parallel or analogous ideas and institutions in cultures other than our own when the material requires them. This can be done without the pretense that the course in Western culture can be transformed into a course of world culture.

The debate in the Stanford Faculty Senate over the future of the course in Western culture is not yet over. Happily it has been free of the false and degrading accusations that marked so much of the discussion in the previous years. A disturbing aspect of the discussion so far is that all parties to the debate, whatever their views on the wisdom of retaining a core list, are agreed that works "by women and persons of color" should be added to the list.

One would have thought that the criteria of selection should be intellectual distinction and cultural significance. That there are no women authors on the current list no more signifies that the core list is sexist than the absence of American authors indicates that it is anti-American. We should add works by Americans, women, and persons of color only on the basis of their educational significance.

This gratuitous agreement—gratuitous from the standpoint of educational quality—is the clue to the basic political motivation among some of the student groups that originally organized the opposition to the course in Western culture.

SOUTH AFRICA—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

"The trouble with people is not their ignorance. It is the number of things they know that ain't so."

—Mark Twain

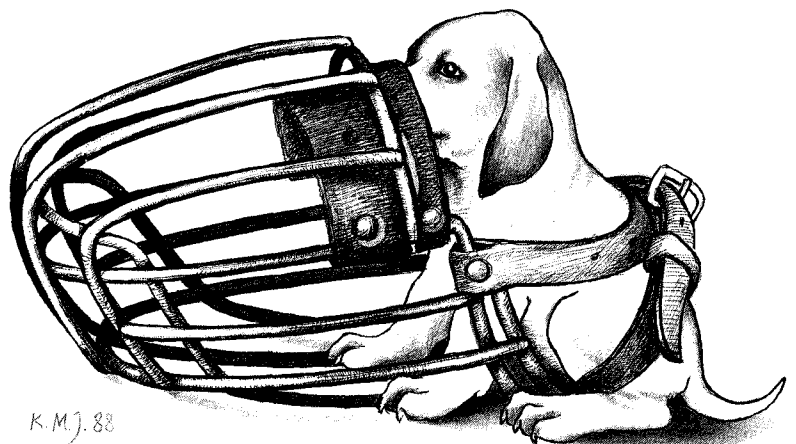
During 1986, the fury of the left's outrage with human rights in Chile abated globally and was redirected against South Africa. The reasons given were the vestiges of the apartheid system and an alleged absence of democracy. In this confrontation the United States, for reasons of its internal politics, played a major role: the improbable Washington-Moscow axis went into full gear. Thanks to American idealism, a most altruistic subservience to Soviet strategic global aims was effected.

Yet to understand the South African problem it is necessary to realize through what channels information is fed to Americans and West Europeans and what subtle but not always conscious motives are coloring the "facts." There is not only the ever-present leftist pseudo-religion, but also a linguistic and, at the same time, historic component in the anti-South African witch-hunt. The misinformation, if not disinformation, is spread in English, and it is mainly manufactured by the South African "Anglos" who represent one third of the White population. This is most evident if we read their papers, which (with the exception of one daily) are fanatically and viciously anti-South African, even more so than the American and British press. The exception is the rarely quoted *The Citizen*. What foreign correspondent or self-appointed specialist on South Africa knows Afrikaans? To think and write seriously about South Africa without a knowledge of Afrikaans is as impossible as covering Belgium without knowing Flemish, the language of the majority.

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This opposition of the Anglos is not accidental. After the annexation of the Cape Province and, especially, after the conquest of Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, the British in South Africa were happy to see the various colonies melting, in 1910, into the Union of South Africa, a Dominion of the British Empire. The British, then as perhaps now, felt vastly superior to the *Boers* ("Boors"), whom they saw as simpleminded country yokels. That the Afrikaner would willingly follow the British lead was not for a moment open to doubt. A number of Afrikaner leaders did completely accept the leadership of the British—the Union of South Africa followed the call of Westminster in World War I as in World War II. Afrikaners died for George V and George VI.

It was the British-led trade unionists who laid the foundation of apartheid-legislation and apartheidism came to be accepted by the majority of Afrikaners. But in 1948, a bolt out of the blue struck the British of South Africa: the Nationalist Afrikaner Party gained a clear majority. Suddenly, the British discovered that segregationism is a major problem now *seemingly* entrenched forever, and their Commonwealth-orchestrated protests against it led to the declaration of an independent republic in 1960. The



Anglo-South Africans were now expected to show loyalty to a mainly Afrikaans-speaking republic without ties to the crown. They found themselves in a minority, in a democracy, and did not like it one whit.

The difficulties encountered by the Republic of South Africa were and still are a consolation to many Anglo-South Africans. The mood in the English-speaking community became characterized by an "I-told-you-so" attitude. Was it not evident that these primitive Afrikaners, these little, provincial, racist, reactionary, and ridiculous farmers, preachers, doctors, teachers, and lawyers speaking an impossible idiom, could not cope with the racial problem and had turned the country into an odious anachronism condemned by the entire "civilized" world? To all this must be added the direct ideological influence of England's and America's pseudo-liberal left which is strongly felt among the younger generation (above all the university students) eager to be "enlightened," "objective," "internationally accepted," "unprejudiced," "liberated" but unwittingly playing the role of Moscow's "useful idiots." They are the delight of foreign correspondents and reporters. The Afrikaans-speaking majority among the Whites is culturally rather isolated and has no such global connection. This is a handicap, but it is also an advantage because it enables them to view the specific local problems from a genuine local viewpoint without being confused by truly farfetched ideas and ideologies. I am afraid that if the British element had had a free hand since 1948, South Africa might have become another Zimbabwe or Zambia.

And America? Three factors determined the policy of the American Congress towards South Africa: American cultural imperialism (the time-honored tendency of Americans to induce other nations to mirror their own image), the guilt felt for having practiced racism in the past (and some in the present as well), and — *above all!* — the simple fact that black votes count just as much as the white and might in many cases be decisive. I have known the American South from the 30's and have studied the situation in regard to color from coast to coast and from border to border. I was horrified in 1944 by a rather minor incident. In a dining car of the Southern Railroad I watched a very cultured "Black" man and his daughter (who had discussed baroque music with me) being placed in a corner where a little curtain was pulled out of the car's wall to mark their "separation" from the rest of the guests. It was the purely symbolic character of this small fabric which disgusted me more than far grosser forms of humiliation. Slavery in the Cape was abolished much earlier than in America, and it never existed in the "Boer republics." Lynchings never characterized the South African scene. There exists a convert fervor in the United States which prompts people to the silliest excesses such as "busing" and "affirmative action" and, last but not least, to economic sanctions against an ally. Nobody demanded sanctions against such a "nonaligned" country as India with its effective caste system. (Of course, the Indian government also insists on "affirmative action" so that sometimes young Brahmins who want to study medicine are refused with the explanation: "No problem if you were an Untouchable. Their quota is far from filled.")

At the same time it must be remembered that there are really no "Blacks" in the United States. (The translation of

the Spanish word *negro* into English is just another instance of infantilism, but it has also been adopted by the Anglo-South Africans.) Only a very small minority of the American "Blacks" are genuine Negroes. Romantic American "Blacks" who emigrate to Africa are usually ridiculed by the local population and laughingly told that "the White Man looks out of your face." In more than 80 percent of all cases, I can distinguish an American "Black" from an African — American blacks are of mixed ancestry: they are BASPS, i.e., Brown Anglo-Saxon Protestants. In South Africa they would figure as *Kleurde*, as "Colored," who already have their own Chamber and are represented in the government. Yet since the American "Colored" (in Brazilian parlance *morenos* and not *pretos*) have been literally maneuvered into considering themselves "Blacks," they in this capacity affect the American political scene and thereby American foreign policy. There simply seem to be no limits to our Western confusions.

However, to understand the South African situation more perfectly, it is necessary to look at the country historically. The first Europeans who landed on its shores were the Portuguese. Later, when Portugal was under Spanish domination, the Dutch took advantage of this and occupied the dark continent's southernmost section where the population was not Black (not Bantu) but Paleo-African — small, yellowish people with whom the Dutch mixed a great deal. The results are the "Colored," who by now have also some Negro and Malay blood. When the Netherlands came under French occupation, the British wrested the "Cape" from the Dutch and kept it even after the Congress of Vienna. The Dutch farmers (*boeren*) did not like the British rule and emigrated northeast; they went on a *trek* with their covered wagons. In the course of this mass emigration (which, however, never became total) they clashed with Bantus migrating southwards. Pitched battles took place which ended mostly in the defeat of the Black tribes of which the toughest and most warlike were the Zulus. They later also troubled the British. In the sanguinary Zulu Wars Prince Napoléon Eugène, the only son of Napoleon III, was killed fighting for the British as a volunteer. The big Zulu riots near Durban in 1986 were not at all directed against the Whites or the Indians, but against a hated Nguni-tribe, the Pondos. In other words, Blacks as well as Whites are the invaders of a large part of South Africa where neither have a historic priority as the Indians have in America.

The emigrating Boers (who called themselves *Afrikaners*) founded various republics: first Natal (which soon they had to give up to the British), then the Orange Free State and Transvaal. The British were temporarily successful in annexing the latter two, but they successfully revolted. However, when gold and diamonds were found in Transvaal, the British tried again and defeated the Boers in a cruel war lasting nearly three years. In that war the British invented the "concentration camp" to brutally "house" the wives, children, and parents of the Afrikaners who were finally driven to guerrilla warfare. In that war about 3,000 Afrikaners and 7,000 British were killed, while 30,000 civilians, overwhelmingly under the age of 16, died mostly in concentration camps. World public opinion was entirely on the Boers' side, and enthusiastic volunteers from Europe

came to their aid.

In 1910 Britain created a dominion, the "Union of South Africa," from the Cape, Natal Provinces, and the two former republics of Transvaal and the Orange Free State. In this new, almost independent state, the British and the Anglophile Afrikaner minority collaborated for 38 years and formed a parliamentary majority, the Union Party, which was eventually defeated by the National Party of the Afrikaners (who form more than 60 percent of the White population). This led not only to increased segregationism but also created the first British trauma in South Africa.

Still, the driving force for apartheid, the segregation of the races, came not from the Afrikaners but from the predominantly "English" trade unions who feared the competition of Black labor. The leading role in this move for separation was played by "Bill" Andrews, a real "identitarian." Racism, like ethnicism, is often a leftist tendency. It should not be so surprising that Mr. Andrews finally became Comrade Andrews and ended his career as General Secretary of the CPSA, the Communist Party of South Africa. "Classism," in the end, appeared to him more important than racism, but he admirably combined both concepts. To the White miners he argued quite convincingly that "cheap" and "dirty, ill-smelling Kaffirs" in the mines were the evil work of "capitalism" and that Whites must be protected against them. He organized major demonstrations in Johannesburg where the protesters carried banners with the words: "Workers of the World fight and unite for a White South Africa!" The result of Andrews' activities was a programmatic apartheidism in the South Africa labor movement.

This tendency found a place in the legislation which enacted a most meticulous segregationism. This strict segregationism I encountered at my first visit in South Africa, back in 1959. After lengthy studies I returned in 1970 and changed my mind about the country and its government. My most recent visit, in spring 1987, resulted in over 100 interviews and countless contacts. A country has to be visited and revisited to see in what direction it is moving. A quarter of a century should be sufficient, I suppose. The segregationism also found its way into the teaching of the two (Calvinistic) "Low German" (*Nederduitse*) Churches, the Reformed and the Rereformed Church. This stand, however, was solemnly abrogated in 1986.

It must also be admitted that the Whites of South Africa have always made concerted efforts to improve the living standards of the "Non-Whites" (*Nie Blankes*) and to provide them with more and better schools as well as with a rapidly improving medical service. They had, in the past, done a great deal of slum clearance whose character has been willfully distorted abroad. Just like the population of the Brazilian *favelas*, the Blacks loved their squatters quarters which in everybody's interest had to be torn down and replaced with sanitary, superior buildings. A place like Soweto ("South Western Township"), outside of Johannesburg, still has two illegal squatters quarters, but otherwise all modern amenities. There is a car in front of every third building, television antennae on practically every home, electricity, and elegant neighborhoods with expensive villas like those of Bishop Tutu ("His name," a Black minister and professor told me, "is to me a four letter word") and Mrs.

Mandela. Compared to poor Indian neighborhoods, Black African *bidonvilles*, South American *villa miserias*, or *favelas*, Soweto is palatial. No wonder that Black people from Zambia, Zimbabwe, and Mozambique desperately try to get into South Africa to enjoy the fruits of White "management" and higher living standards. In spite of much unemployment and foreign sanctions, these standards get higher and higher, above all for the Blacks, the Coloreds, and the Indians.

But to what extent do the Blacks really resent White rule? The masses, especially the rural masses, are indifferent, but naturally the resentment against the existing order mounts with the educational level. A Black who has gone through a secondary school and a university is convinced (perhaps against his own inclinations) of Western cultural superiority, and therefore he rebels against his social exclusion. He sees in the few remnants of apartheid a genuine, personal insult. This is not true of the masses. There is no racial, but only tribal hatred in South Africa. Blacks show no subservience (or arrogance) to White people, but it must be noted that a "Colored" will resent to be viewed as a Black, a Zulu as a Xhosa, and Indians will protest against a Colored settlement in their midst (or, as in a recent case in Durban, vice versa). The masses of the Blacks do not hate or even admire the White Man—they rather view him with some sort of amused pity, as a typical member of an acquisitive society, a man who toils ceaselessly, worries about everything, is sexually underprivileged, enjoys life very little, and is generally a poor human specimen. In the eyes of the Black Man, the White Man has only his technology, but if his car gets stalled in the Kalahari and he has to walk 30 miles to the next tank station, he will collapse. On the other hand, the Black Man is not pressed for time; he is strong, so he just starts walking. Moreover, the White Man knows nothing about witchcraft or the forces of the supranatural. (Being a truly modern man and not a product of the 19th century, I certainly do believe in these demonic forces.)

"White" South Africa, through a number of agencies, made great efforts to raise the Black living standards and create a Black middle class. Here we have to bear in mind that apartheid today, except for the Group Area Act, will soon be modified radically. (The ruling National Party will certainly modify it strongly, but could not say so prior to the elections, not to lose votes to racist groups.) Actually, the abolition of the Group Area Act itself would create very little (if any) change. Such a legislation does not exist in the United States, and yet we see the black ghettos. Also to fall is the segregation in South Africa's public schools. There are no segregation laws for private schools, which, as elsewhere, are superior to public schools, and they are actually racially mixed. A majority of them have a denominational character. And *the South African universities are without exception open to all races!* Even the Rand Afrikan University (teaching in Afrikaans) has a fair number of Black students. There are some "uniracial" universities for Blacks, like Unizulu and Medunsa (Medical University of South Africa), but their charters also oblige them to take White, Indian, or Colored students (and a few of them do attend). I visited the highly impressive Medunsa and gave a well-attended lecture at Unizulu, which was followed by a debate. Segregation on the college-university level has

practically disappeared. (To all intents and purposes, though not yet legally and politically, the Blacks in social matters enjoy the same status as the "Colored" in the United States.) Any Black who has the necessary gray matter and the will to work hard can "make it," and many of them do. In 1987 a new law provided equal pay for equal work. In Johannesburg, Durban, or Capetown there are five-star hotels where you can see a Black (and not just a Colored or Indian) clientele eating sumptuous dinners attended by white waiters. There is a South African Indian ambassador at the European Community, a Colored ambassador from South Africa at the Hague, and Black hostesses in the South African Airline.

The creation of a Black middle (if not upper) class irks the Communist dominated African National Congress (ANC) extraordinarily; they call affluent, literate, intelligent Blacks "props of a White bourgeoisie" because the ANC's aim is, after all, a race-class revolution—a collectivist revolt of the "masses" driven by hate-nurtured envies. The Black who has property and hope for a materially secure future, who, in addition, realizes that he has a genuine stake in free enterprise (which the Bolsheviks of the ANC would destroy) naturally does not follow the call for an upheaval that would deprive him of everything he has built up. It is heartening to see how, with the vanishing of the purely tribal spirit, the Blacks in the urban areas show a surprising aptitude for small business. The same is true of the Colored. (During my last stay in South Africa, I had lunch with the Colored boss of an architectural firm with 18 employees, three of them White).

Segregationism did, however, inspire the creation of "Bantu Homelands." (Recently, the ethnologically correct term "Bantu" has been dropped in favor of "Black.") But the yellowish Paleo-Africans are *not* Black and have no semi-autonomous "homelands," which some journalists named "Bantustans" as if they were Iranian provinces. In 1970 I visited two of them. The self-government of these homelands does not always work to the satisfaction of everybody concerned (although they have cost an immense amount of tax money since the original White and Indian owners of land had to be bought off for considerable sums.) Yet the "homelands" were never by any means barren stretches (like so many Indian reservations in the USA) but mainly fertile areas.

We have to distinguish between homelands like the rather successful Kwazulu ("Land of the Zulu") or Qwaqwa, and independent states like Ciskei, Transkei, Venda, and Bophuthatswana. Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the leader of the Zulus (a warrior tribe emphatically free of inferiority complexes) and also of the predominantly Zulu "Inkatha Party" ("Inkatha" is Zulu for the contraption that women use to carry burdens on their heads) is engaged in the "Indaba" (Dialogue) movement with the leaders of the Province of Natal. All sides of the "Indaba" are looking for a special political and economic arrangement to bring the four races (and several languages) of Natal and Kwazulu together. New constitutional forms are discussed, removed from all minority-majority thinking which often so fatefully colors democracy. A frightening example which I know well is Northern Ireland. There the Catholics cannot achieve political power because they are a minority. Their answer is

terrorism which provokes an equally brutal counterterrorism. A one-man, one-vote South Africa would become a multicolored and much more murderous Northern Ireland.

Ciskei and Transkei, for their part, are not Zulu homelands but independent Xhosa states that had to be created separately since the inhabitants, two different Xhosa tribes with few mutual sympathies, could not be brought under a common roof. (A narrow "white" strip separates them.)

Ciskei and Transkei, therefore, have different laws, governments, and traditions. A French university lecturer, Antonini, became involved in a terrorist conspiracy with Transkei connections. He refused to testify before the court because this would lead to ostracism by his friends in France. As a result he received a four-year prison term. Thereupon a mob devastated the South African embassy in Paris since France (as a loyal UN member) does not recognize Ciskei, and no Ciskei representation can be found on the Seine. The French government therefore had to pay damages to South Africa. Idiocy rules the world.

Bophuthatswana (peoples by the Tswana) is probably the most successful of these new nations. It is a highly streamlined country with a super-modern capital, Mmabatho. There, as in the other new nations, no racial barriers and no remnants of apartheid exist whatsoever. I had a wonderful time in Mmabatho with elegant hotels and racially mixed swimming pools. Unfortunately, it should also be mentioned that the four new states are not recognized by the UN and its hapless members—out of sheer spite and venom. According to the "majority" UN view of these Southern African free states, their freedom and independence have been "donated" to them by the Republic of South Africa, which, as we are ceaselessly told, is the Devil's den.

At present, there are no additional plans for either more homelands or independent states. Rather, the idea is to keep South Africa together—above all as an economic giant. (Chief Buthelezi and the king of Kwazulu rejected the idea of total independence!) There is a king of Zululand with the nice name of Goodwill Zwelitini. He is highly revered by the Zulus. Chief Buthelezi is something like his prime minister.

Swaziland and Lesotho, both entirely independent, also have kings. Although these new states, former British colonies, provide the Blacks with an opportunity of learning to govern themselves, within the Republic of South Africa itself they have to make efforts to become increasingly Westernized. This, indeed, is most often also their own aim.

What is the *basic* South African problem? Not so surprisingly, its root lies in the still continuing worldwide mental fixation with democracy—seen as political equality and majority rule. Let us imagine South Africa as a hereditary, absolute monarchy like Brazil in 1830, with a large black and brown minority, but no real race problem. I would not maintain, however, having visited Brazil six times, that in Brazil color meant or means nothing at all. When the Austrian Consul in Bahia invited me to a dinner in the Yacht Club and I asked him whether it had black members, he denied it very much. But at the club there were a large number of dark gentlemen and ladies, and I expressed my astonishment. "They are not members," he explained, "but friends of members."

Yet in Brazil color does not have the significance it has in North America, South Africa, or (theoretically at least) in China. (Before the Red takeover in China, Eurasian students often suffered agonies, as Bishop Hsü of Hong Kong explained to me.) In an absolute monarchy, just as in a totally free market economy, not race but primarily merit counts: intelligence, the inclination to hard work, reliability, and loyalty. Independent monarchs and independent entrepreneurs have always looked for such qualities. South African industrial leadership is as "color blind" as once the Brazilian monarchy was. A director of ISKOR, the big iron and steel enterprise, told me about the difficulties the management has with the White unions once it comes to the promotion of Black workers. Sir Harry Oppenheimer, perhaps the richest industrialist in South Africa, has always promoted Black causes and has done much for Black education. (So also does the Christian-inspired OAU, the Organization for Advancement and Upgrading, which has a Black leadership.)

But today, with an ideologically conditioned, thoroughly irrational, and hence pseudo-religious belief in human equality and majority rule, the exceedingly few remainders of the apartheid system can and do cause a "worldwide" condemnation of South Africa. In this boycott the USSR and the USA are the ringleaders. Since attacks against the slave-based empire of the Soviet Union entail certain risks, South Africa serves as an ideal whipping boy, moreover a very pleasing one for the various heirs of "Uncle Joe" in the Kremlin.

Who, we might ask, called Switzerland to task when it practiced biological discrimination and excluded women from the polls in national elections? In certain Swiss cantons with direct democracy, women still have no voting rights. I once met the leader of a Swiss women's league which is against female suffrage. She was a university professor and termed the female vote simply as "un-Swiss."

Or who castigated the USSR when it discriminated against "bourgeois," monks, kulaks, or modern painters? Or criticized the United States when it discriminated against racial minorities? Or Rumania, which still discriminates against Hungarians? Or the Spanish Democracy, when it slaughtered masses of priests, friars, and nuns? (In that last case very much to the contrary happened: volunteers from all sides rushed to the aid of the slaughterers!)

What are the moralizing countries of the Free West now doing to lead South Africa into the "path of virtue"? Since many of them have a predominantly commercial outlook and ponder on what would hurt the grocer next door, they apply economic sanctions against the republic. This, they think, is the most appropriate way to change the mind of the wicked Afrikaners, but unfortunately (or fortunately) the Afrikaners do not have the mind of the grocer next door. They have conquered and defended the country in bitter wars and have behind them a history of heroism and suffering. Moreover they are staunch Calvinists. They are also a traumatized people since they have seen the victims of the Congo and Rhodesia, and they remember the nun and medical assistant Elsie Quinlan who, on November 9, 1952, was attacked in East London by ANC youngsters, knifed to death, burned in her car, and partly subjected to "gastronomic democracy." (In the trial of "Emperor Bokas-

sa" of the Central African Republic, it became virtually certain that he too had practiced cannibalism.)

Sanctions, therefore, will harm not the breakfast table of "Pik" Botha, but the livelihood of the poorest of the Blacks, who might lose their jobs or even starve. If, in their desperation, they resort to violence and open rebellion (which would delight our sadistic leftists to no end), they would be shot down like rabbits, and the guilt would lie with the hopelessly provincially minded and immensely selfish harebrained American and Western European politicians who only think of their mandates. As in the case of Poland, sanctions merely foster "anti-Americanism," and their imposition highlights the inanity of "democratic" foreign policy. At long last Washington discovered the futility of economic sanctions against Poland. The veiled origin of all such policies is the Marxist belief that history, after all, is nothing but economics. This view is held by numerous Americans who would violently protest if anyone would call them Marxists. And what about democratic diplomacy? Well, the comportment of the American ambassador in Pretoria, answering to American mass-media constituencies and disregarding the well-being of South Africa, is exactly what it was expected to be.

Intelligent Blacks of South Africa and even its economically not highly versed Catholic hierarchy (representing the largest single religious body) protested at long last against the sanctions which either won't work or, if they eventually do, will have the opposite, if not a truly fatal, effect. These sanctions might also force Pretoria, if unemployment rises significantly, to get rid of all the *foreign* Black workers (estimated to be between one and two million). This in turn would create the collapse of such dear, leftist neighbors of South Africa as Zambia and Zimbabwe.

South Africa needs a solution to its problems outside the present Western pattern. A central government with a parliament based on strict majority rule would destroy the country almost instantly. We have to bear in mind that South Africa is not only a country of four races but also of over a dozen languages and, to top it all off, 23 official parties and party organizations. There exist genuine tribal and subtribal animosities which could easily lead to open warfare (as they already have in other African states).

The efforts of Mugabe in Zimbabwe to "reduce" the number of the Ndebele, the cruel fights between Watussis and Bahutus, the slaughters between Ibos and Yorubas, between North and South Sudanese are what a Marxist liberal-induced future for South Africa would entail. True, these ethnic and racial enmities are not confined to South Africa, and they can only be overcome in old established monarchies with a crowned, impartial center or in countries where patriotism eliminates ethnicism (such as Switzerland, where parties cross language lines). Yet already John Stuart Mill has told us that "free institutions are next to impossible in a country made up of different nationalities." It is easy to imagine that the ANC and other leftist organizations want a majoritarian democracy in South Africa as a preliminary step to the Red revolution, faithfully following the advice of Engels.

The victims of violence at the present time are not all whites (though Mrs. Mandela has emphasized that since Black women very often take care of white children, they

have all sorts of chances). No, the victims are either Blacks killed by the predominantly Black police quelling organized riots or (mostly) Blacks killed by other, hostile Blacks. Nelson Mandela's wife has repeatedly menaced political opponents of her jailed husband with the "necklace" treatment (a tire tube filled with gasoline, put around the neck of the victim and set ablaze). The "necklace" is practiced widely and even praised and advocated by *Sechaba*, the periodical of the ANC, which is printed in Neubrandenburg, East Germany.

As can easily be imagined, the USSR has a vested strategic and economic interest in becoming established on the Cape of such global importance. The ANC has a ruling board of 30 members, 21 of whom are members of the Communist Party of South Africa. Its leader, Nelson Mandela, is in jail for murder. Despite this, the government would release him if he would only promise not to use or advocate violence.

Yet to our leftists he is a real martyr. I encountered many Afrikaners who would be in favor of Mandela's "illegal" release because then he would cease being a martyr. When the SWAPO's leader, Toivo Jatovo, was in Namibian jail he was a martyr. After his discharge he became useless to SWAPO and even ceased being their leader. But Mandela is a convicted murderer. In this progressive century, however, we have become used to countless murderers running around.

The leaders of the moderate Blacks are mostly unknown in the West and are largely bypassed by our visiting politicians. As might be expected, all the radical Black organizations are pledged in varying degrees to socialism and to large-scale expropriations—after all, nationalism,

racism, and socialism easily go together and attract fools. Nevertheless, a free market economy immediately attracts simple, unpropagandized Blacks. Even in the illegal squatting areas near Johannesburg or Capetown little businesses spring up almost automatically.

In nearby Namibia, which is economically attached to South Africa and receives some military aid from it, the situation is more evolved. There is no Group Area Act, the government is half Black, the integration (except for the public, but not the private schools) is total, and SWAPO terrorists are held at bay. I watched the assembly in Windhoek debate about schools, and the representatives of all races participated. There were also "White" votes in favor of desegregation, yet the specific Southwest African situation must be taken into consideration. It differs radically from the United States, where none of the so-called "Blacks" come either from the "bush" or the desert. Such a *premature* integration would retard most of the non-White pupils, whereas now advanced Blacks have chances in the private schools, either by paying tuition or by receiving scholarships, which happens quite frequently. The army of Namibia is predominantly Black (but to a minor extent also "Colored"). I had talks with two ministers, one a Herero, the other one an Ovambo, but the problem of a constitution has not yet been settled. The one-man, one-vote formula would lead in Namibia to a one-sided Ovambo rule. The Ovambos form a vast majority but live only in the far north, very densely, along the Angolan border. The minorities living in the much larger but more arid part of the country would then be underrepresented. Internationally the situation of Southwest Africa (Namibia) is very complex. The United Nations, as expected, recognizes the SWAPO terrorists as the "legal government of Namibia," and the United States refuses to recognize the existing government and applies sanctions against it, because its public schools are not integrated and there is "discrimination in the health services." Of course, the SWAPO assassins, organized and bankrolled by the Soviets, are worthy partners in a dialogue with the West—and so is the bloodthirsty ANC. We should wonder whether the USSR will eventually "honor" these services of the United States to their foreign policy.

We must bear in mind that the foreign intervention in southern Africa is happening at a time of great, if not radical, reforms carried out by the National Party, made up almost entirely of Afrikaners. All the advances the non-Whites have made since the late 1950's were, after all, the work of the National Party, whose slogan for the May 6, 1987, election was "Reforms, yes. Capitulation—never."

Press censorship in South Africa, on the other hand, refers mostly to *not* giving publicity to acts of terrorism (whereupon terrorism had considerably decreased). Also, the collaboration between terrorists and picture-taking foreign correspondents has been made much more difficult—which, unfortunately, has not been the case in Chile. All the sanctions somehow remind me of the dog barking up a tree after the little cat's gone. To interfere in such a delicate period in South African affairs is truly vicious and stupid. Democracy, however, is not based on reason or virtue but on a numeralist, ideologically conditioned volitionism. Woe to all of us if it continues to decide the fate of the still free world.

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Breaking Silence

"Thus any leader or statesman, from the citizens of the Greek city-states, through every kind of emperor or monarch, absolute or benevolent, on through the rebellious generation of Jefferson, would surely and easily define our contemporary American social situation, with its elaborately formulated, indeed, *codified* absence of any system protecting the rights of the law-abiding citizens and their civilization from predatory assaults, as clearly, unequivocally tyrannical."

—from "Tyranny by Sloth"
by George Garrett

THE CULT OF DR. KING *by Samuel Francis*

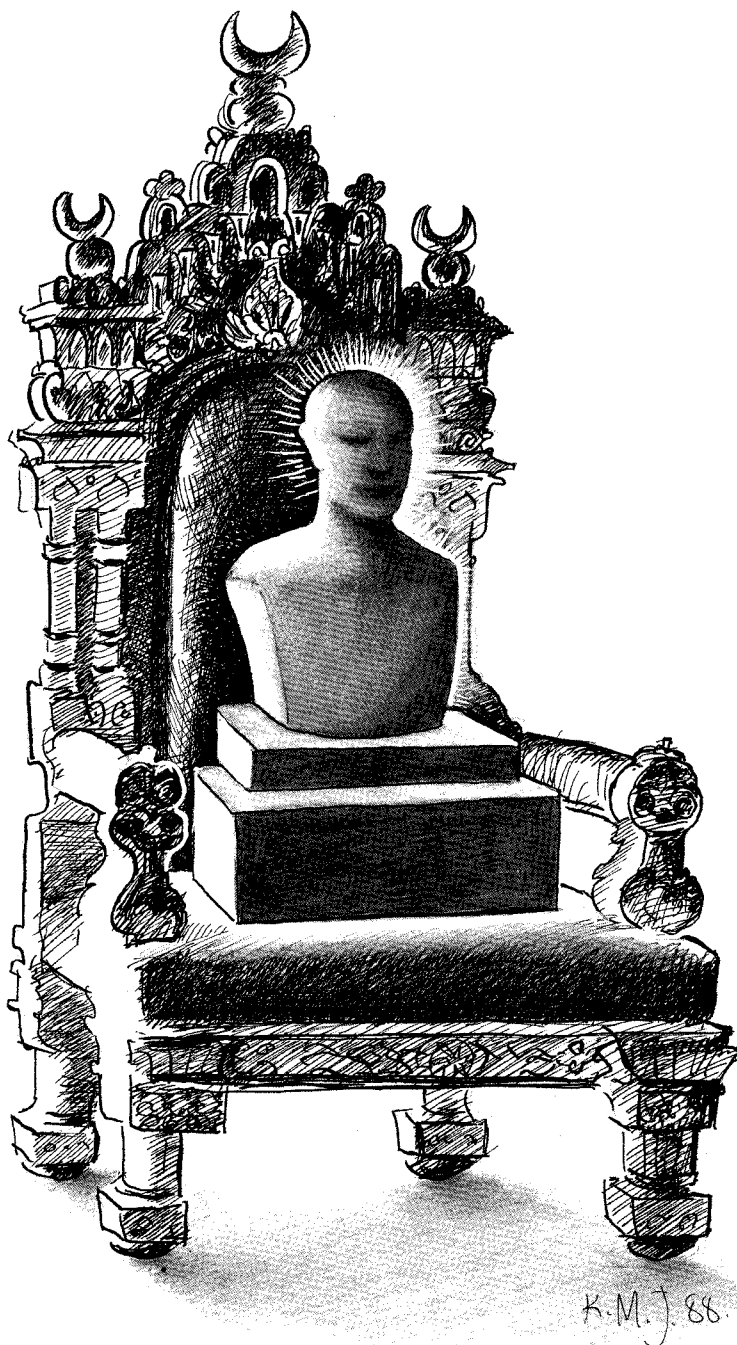
The third annual observance of the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr. passed happily enough in the nation's capital, with the local merchants unloading their assorted junk into the hands of an eager public. It is hardly surprising that "King Day," observed as a federal legal public holiday since 1986, has already become part of the cycle of mass indulgence through which the national economy annually revolves. Christmas itself, commemorating an event almost as important as the nativity of Dr. King, has long been notorious for its materialism and appetitive excesses, and a visit to any shopping mall will alert the consumer to the next festal occasion on the public calendar and instruct him in what ways and to what extent he is expected to turn out his pockets in its celebration. Since Dr. King, wherever he is now, has been promoted to full fellowship in the national pantheon, it is to be expected that he too must perform his office in keeping the wheels of American commerce well-greased.

What is remarkable about the King holiday, however, is that, alone among the 10 national holidays created by act of Congress, it is celebrated in other ways that are pretty much in keeping with its original purpose. While the other nine festivities are merely excuses for protracted buying and selling, three-day weekends with an attractive compadre, or orgies of eat-and-swill punctuated by football games, only the third Monday in January is the regular subject of solemn expatiations by the brahmins of the republic as to what it really means. Newspaper columnists, television commentators, and public schoolteachers—the nearest things we have to a priesthood—devote at least a week to discussing Dr. King's life and achievements and their place in our national consciousness. Certainly they do not explore the lives of Jesus Christ, George Washington, or Christopher Columbus with such piety, nor do they usually dedicate much time to reflecting on the less anthropomorphized occasions that celebrate national independence, public thanksgiving, or remembrance of Americans fallen in war for the fatherland. Only Dr. King seems to elicit effusions from the guardians of the public tongue, and, as in the rituals of the heathen gods of old, woe to the blasphemer who fails to bend the knee.

The fate of Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder is a case in point, though not unique. Approached at table in Duke Zeibert's restaurant in Washington on the Friday before the official ceremonies, Mr. Snyder, a sports commentator created and employed by CBS, was asked by a local reporter for his views on the progress of blacks in professional athletics. Mr. Snyder perhaps had dined too well, and he was foolish enough to say what he really thought in response to the uninvited question. He praised the accomplishments and hard work of black athletes, made some insulting remarks about the laziness of white athletes, and suggested that the athletic prowess of blacks was due in part to their having been bred for size and strength in antebellum days, specifi-

cally for their "big thighs," and that "they can jump higher and run faster because of their bigger thighs." It is not known if the Greek, a professional gambler, gave odds on how long he would keep his \$750,000-a-year job after uttering his inanities, but there was little time to place any bets, and probably few would have taken them. Within 24 hours Mr. Snyder was in the ranks of the unemployed.

Mr. Snyder was not the first victim to the new deity, and the practice of ruining a white person once a year in honor



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of Dr. King is becoming a national tradition. Last year the victim was another sports figure, Los Angeles Dodgers official Al Campanis, who was asked on ABC-TV's *Nightline* about black athletic performance and wound up discoursing on the comparative buoyancy of the races when immersed in water. He too got his clock cleaned by his employers, and though the incident did not occur in connection with Dr. King's birthday, it did happen to fall during the week of the 19th anniversary of the civil rights leader's assassination in April 1968.

In 1986, when King Day was first celebrated after its enactment by Congress in 1983, the victim got off easy. In Montgomery County, Maryland, Mrs. Karen Collins, a part-time music teacher in a Silver Spring elementary school, made the mistake of giving her private opinion to a colleague that the country was making too much of Dr. King and that she had heard that he had been a Communist supporter and had Communist friends. Her remark was overheard by some students, who ran home to tell their parents, who alerted the local NAACP to the presence of un-American activities. Even before the NAACP invited itself to settle the matter, however, Mrs. Collins had received a reprimand from her principal, had been placed on administrative leave, transferred to another school, and required to enroll in a "human relations" course where she could learn something about the American Way.

The NAACP was not at all satisfied and demanded her dismissal. "Any person who says Dr. King was a Communist is either maliciously racist or uninformed," said Roscoe Nix, president of the local chapter. Actually, it was never certain exactly what Mrs. Collins had said. She denied saying that King was a Communist, and after her disciplining, school superintendent Wilmer S. Cody acknowledged that "Although her exact words are still in dispute, she did express some dissatisfaction about the school system's special program concerning Martin Luther King's birthday." Mrs. Collins appears to have kept her job, but the god whom she blasphemed had tasted blood.

If the reader thinks I exaggerate the metaphor of King as god, consider the demand in 1979 (and since) to add Dr. King's "Letter From the Birmingham Jail" to the Bible. At the third annual conference of the Black Theology Project in 1979, a proposal to add the letter as another epistle in the New Testament was approved by the convention of about 40 black ministers, theologians, and lay people, and the Rev. Muhammed Kenyatta, instructor in sociology at Haverford College, held that "We believe God worked through Dr. Martin Luther King in that jail in Birmingham in 1963 to reveal His holy word." The pious sociologist also noted that "people generally do not realize that the process of deciding what is or is not Holy Scripture has been an ongoing one."

If the thirst of the new god were slaked only by the ritual slaughter of schoolteachers and sports commentators, Dr. King's apotheosis might actually represent a step forward for the country, but evidence mounts that more is being demanded. King Day in fact represents a revolution in our national mythology, a transformation that seeks to delegitimize the symbols of American history and national identity and to redefine the meaning of the American Republic—perhaps even the meaning of the Christian faith. This at least is the explicit understanding of the holiday that the

dominant molders of public opinion articulate every year in their ceremonial ruminations. Writing in the *New York Times* on January 18 of this year, Vincent Harding, professor of Religion and Social Transformation at the Iliff School of Theology in Denver, rejected the notion that the King holiday commemorates merely "a kind, gentle and easily managed religious leader of a friendly crusade for racial integration." Such an understanding, he writes, would "demean and trivialize Dr. King's meaning," and the higher truth of King Day is made of sterner stuff. "The Martin Luther King of 1968," writes Mr. Harding,

was calling for and leading civil disobedience campaigns against the unjust war in Vietnam. Courageously describing our nation as "the greater purveyor of violence in the world today," he was urging us away from a dependence on military solutions. He was encouraging young men to refuse to serve in the military, challenging them not to support America's anti-Communist crusades, which were really destroying the hopes of poor nonwhite peoples everywhere.

This Martin Luther King was calling for a radical redistribution of wealth and political power in American society as a way to provide food, clothing, shelter, medical care, jobs, education and hope for all of our country's people.

Roger Wilkins, civil rights activist and now a Senior Fellow at the far-left Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, had some similar thoughts about the meaning of Dr. King's legacy in the *Washington Post*, and similar interpretations of the man and the holiday could be reproduced from the major media of public opinion for every year since the holiday was created.

To be sure, the use of the King holiday to legitimize the left's long march through American institutions is not the only meaning attributed to it. At the time of its enactment by Congress, various rationales were offered by liberals and conservatives alike: that the holiday was merely a celebration of the personal virtues of a man of courage and vision, that it honored the national rejection of racial bigotry, or that it was a holiday for American blacks, who, it was patronizingly said, "needed their own hero," much as children in a restaurant need their own menu. Yet these are not the presiding apologiae for the holiday, nor were they at the time it was adopted; and the radical interpretation of Dr. King and his legacy is both the dominant as well as the more accurate version.

The objective meaning of the King holiday—the actual meaning independent of what its sponsors thought they meant or what some of its celebrants think they mean now—has little to do with the renunciation of Cross-burnings and lynch parties or even of less malevolent incarnations of Jim Crow. To be sure, a nation that honors Dr. King and his legacy renounces such manifestations of racial inequality, but it also must renounce all forms of inequality, racial or other, because if all men are indeed equal, then it is absurd to say that only some forms of inequality are evil. If, as Dr. King understood it, the Declaration of Independence is a "promissory note"—not merely declarative of national independence but also imper-

ative of social reconstruction—then the delegitimization of the traditional symbols, values, and institutions of America is not only in order but also long overdue, and the radical reconstruction of American society is not only a legitimate goal but also the principal legitimate goal of our national endeavors.

Dr. King understood this well himself, expressing it in the

millenarian imagery he loved and used so effectively—“I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places shall be made plains, and the crooked places shall be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.” Dr. King, of course, seldom troubled to inquire into the sources of his dream, and today

REVISIONS

The Scoundrels' Refuge

Canada, for most Americans, is a geographical expression that summons up images of north woods and the greener Scotland of Cape Breton. The fact that we are *the* Americans, while Canadians have to devise makeshift terms like North American, is a clear indication that Canada—as its official documents declare—is not a nation, only a government. In fact, the term Canadian used to refer, in its French form, only to the people who now call themselves Quebecois. In *The Patriot Game: Canada and the Canadian Question Revisited* (Stanford, CA: Hoover Institution Press) Peter Brimelow takes a refreshingly candid look at the issue of Canadian nationality and comes up with answers that infuriate Canadians.

In a nutshell, Brimelow argues that there is no such thing as a Canadian nation. Western Canada is an extension of the United States; the Maritimes, to a lesser degree, are a continuation of New England; and Quebec is a nation unto itself.

For a number of reasons, Quebec is central to any discussion of the Canadian question. Most obviously, the Quebecois have a strong sense of their own identity. They were more or less the first Canadians, and despite all the moderation of British rule the Canadiens regarded themselves as a subject people. In the 60's they were fond of referring to themselves as “white niggers,” and even when they came to the States, Canuck intellectuals continued their minority lament. “You despise me because I'm French,” a French professor from Canada once informed his startled friends and colleagues.

Western Canadians, it goes with-

out saying, have learned to loathe the French and the bilingualism/biculturalism that has been imposed upon their anglophone provinces, and the French card—played for decades by Liberal Party politicians—only drives the Westerners farther from the center of Canadian politics. However, as Brimelow points out, it is not the Quebec separatists who are to blame. Even though sentimental Quebecers have always dreamed of reclaiming the continent for the French, René Lévesque, as head of the Parti Québécois, actually opposed the whole idea of bilingualism. His party stood for home rule, autonomy, even independence for the French people of Quebec. The PQ, upon taking power, immediately took steps to hasten the Frenchification of even the English-speaking parts of Montreal. They virtually wrote off the French living in other provinces, and Lévesque repeatedly explained to Trudeau and his Liberals that the experiment in biculturalism was doomed to failure.

The imposition of two languages upon the whole of Canada strikes most Americans as either quaint or amusing, but it is not amusing to the anglophone majority (except, perhaps, for the large number of Canadians who work for the government). The French minority has, indeed, played the same role in Canada as other minorities have played in the U.S.: they provide credibility and the trappings of morality to a political establishment that needs to justify its ever-increasing grip upon free institutions. It is not the legitimate grievances of blacks or French Canadians that attract a John Kennedy or a Lester Pearson: it is the opportunity to destroy all the old civilized

institutions that are barriers to the Fabian revolution.

René Lévesque, much to his credit, refused to play that game. He wanted a French nation, not an oppressed and manipulable minority. (In the parallel American case, it is the black nationalists who, for all their eccentricities, have refused to serve the Democratic Party.) Brimelow predicts that Quebec nationalism will not disappear and points out that within the province itself the debate is not between separatists and Canadian nationalists but between downright separatists and those who continue to think that the Quebec nation can get a better deal from a united Canada. When



the crunch comes, the first loyalty will be to the province. Remember this: A great many Southern unionists—even the presidential candidate of the Constitutional Union Party—threw in their lot with the Confederacy, once President Lincoln decided to invade the South.

Brimelow's analysis suggests that most of English Canada would be better off in every way as part of the United States. The question remains, what level of distress will they learn to tolerate before they are willing to give up “the patriot game” of denying their identity as part of the North American British civilization that the United States represents? By raising again the Canadian question and by raising it in a book that is as entertaining as it is provocative, Peter Brimelow (who has lived in Britain, Canada, and the United States) is a better friend to Canada than Canadians are likely to admit. (TF)

it occurs to no one to ask why *his* dreams should prevail over the less grandiose dreams of others. Like all charismatic prophets, he was the fount of his own authority, and his private visions were intended to become law for lesser men.

Among the several hills and mountains that await lowering by the new god and his gnostic bulldozers is the tradition, common among white Southerners, of displaying the Confederate flag in places of honor. Some Southern states, Alabama and South Carolina in particular, still fly the Stars and Bars over their state capitols, while the official flags of several other Southern states retain its St. Andrew's Cross design in one way or another. The NAACP has recently decided that the flag must go and has given the project priority in its current legislative agenda, and innumerable Southern schools already have been obliged to give up the flag as the symbol of their local football teams, along with the playing of "Dixie," calling the team "The Rebels," and other traditional usages distinctive of Southern cultural identity.

In Alabama, state Rep. Thomas Reed threatened to tear down the flag over the statehouse if it were not removed. It wasn't, and Gov. Guy Hunt had the local head of the NAACP arrested when he clambered over the fence with his merry band of icon-smashers. Alabama Rep. Alvin Holmes readily compares the Confederacy to Nazi Germany and instructs the people of his state, "They need to forget about the Confederacy." Earl Shinhoster, head of the southeastern division of the NAACP, says of the flags, "They're racist symbols. . . . These flags stand for racism, divisiveness and oppression" and also for "defiance and resistance to school desegregation."

Columnist Carl Rowan, who seldom declines to dance to the NAACP's tune, compares the flag to the Nazi swastika and writes, "Show me a guy who rides around with Confederate flags flying on his front fenders, and I'll show you someone who thinks the Civil War still goes on. I'll give you a racist who thinks that it is only a matter of time before this nation makes white supremacy its official policy and returns to slavery, with black people the God-designated hewers of wood and drawers of water." Mr. Rowan apparently has never had a dream of a day when men would not be judged by the color of their front fenders.

But the fact that many Southerners (and some non-Southerners) regard the Confederate flag as a symbol of things other than racism—Southern cultural identity, sacrifice for a cause, an interpretation of the Constitution, or simply ancestral piety—does not really help. Mr. Shinhoster, Mr. Rowan, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Holmes all are correct that the Confederate flag symbolizes a cause that was defeated in 1865 and which is not compatible with the world view symbolized by Dr. King's holiday. If, as a nation, we are going to honor Dr. King as an official hero, then we cannot also continue to honor the Confederate flag and the political and cultural identity that is the main content of its symbolism.

It is merely a matter of time before the Confederate flag is surrendered, along with local statues of Confederate veterans and heroes, "Dixie," and most other memorials of antebellum civilization. Their passing may not be a cause of mourning among many outside the South (or many within the South, for that matter), but the same logic that compels

their abandonment reaches further. The three most prominent monuments in Washington, DC, are those dedicated to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln. Is there a schoolchild in the United States today who does not know that the first two were slaveowners? Is there any literate person in America who does not know that none of the three was a racial egalitarian, that every one of them uttered statements that make Jimmy the Greek sound like an ACLU lawyer? The same argument that drives Mr. Snyder from his low but honest trade and pulls down a banner commemorating the last stand of a desperate people will demolish the obelisk and temples that memorialize the major statesmen of the American nation.

Nor is it merely the physical symbols of the old America that are shattered. Last May, Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall proclaimed in a public speech that he could not "find the wisdom, foresight and sense of justice exhibited by the framers" of the U.S. Constitution "particularly profound." Because they did not bow to the egalitarian and universalist idols in the shrines where Justice Marshall has worshiped all his life and because they failed to include blacks and women in the Constitution, the document they drafted was "defective from the start." No doubt it is astonishing that an associate justice of the Supreme Court could say that the fundamental law of the country, which it is his business and his duty to interpret, is inherently flawed, but the Justice merely forces us up another rung on the ladder. We forfeited the right to revere the Constitution, the governmental principles and mechanisms it established, and the men who wrote it when we put Dr. King into the pantheon. The federalism, rule of law, states' rights, limits on majority rule, checks and balances, and separation of powers that characterize the Constitution all are incompatible with the full blossoming of the egalitarian democracy that Dr. King envisioned and which is the completion of the radical reconstruction to which his holiday commits us.

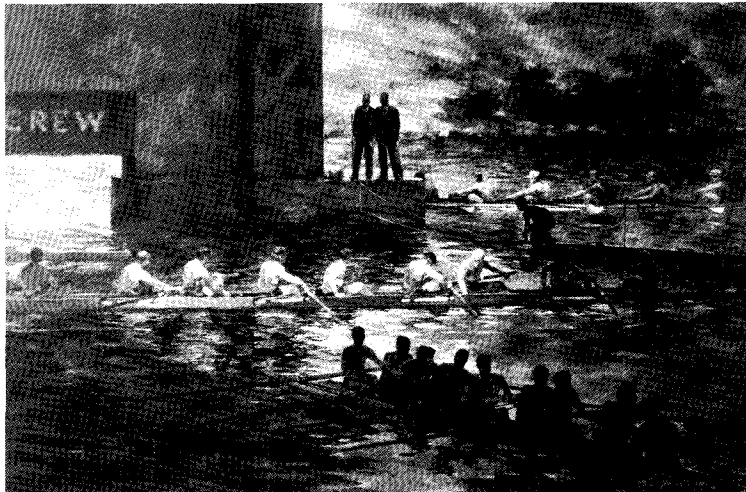
Political symbols in the form of the Confederate flag, anthems such as "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland," and the Constitution itself are not the only roots to be pulled up, however. Last year, the Rev. Jesse Jackson led a protest march at Stanford University in one of the more explicit demonstrations against the humanities curriculum of the school, giving the chant, "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Western culture's got to go." This year the faculty senate of the university considered a proposal to abandon a required course on "Western Culture" and to replace it with one entitled "Cultures, Ideas and Values." The latter contained no core list of assigned readings, and the only requirement was that professors include in their assignments "works by women, minorities, and persons of color" and emphasize "the last six to eight centuries in particular." One alternative course, developed by Prof. Clayborne Carson, director of the Martin Luther King Jr. Papers Project, required such texts as *Black Elk Speaks*, "Ain't I a Woman," W.E.B. Du Bois' *The Souls of Black Folk*, Frantz Fanon, and those long-neglected Third World persons of color, Herbert Marcuse and Karl Marx. Whatever merits such writers might have over the ancient, medieval, and modern classics of the West, it should be clear that the alternative curriculum was intended as part of the radical reconstruction of the American mind and the extirpation of the philosophical

roots of Western predominance. The demand for the change at Stanford, according to news reports, was led by black, Hispanic, and Asian students, who denounced the traditional curriculum as a "year-long class in racism."

The point, of course, is not that the establishment of the King holiday makes the extirpation of the traditional symbols of American and Western civilization inevitable—anti-American and anti-Western movements founded on militant egalitarian universalism are powerful forces and would make gains regardless of the holiday—but that, once the United States, through its national government, chose to adopt Dr. King as an official hero, neither the American people nor their leaders have any legitimate grounds for resisting the logic and dynamic of such forces and the radical reconstruction of American society that is implicit in them. It is one thing to say that Dr. King was a great man and a great American, a man whose personal courage and vision, despite his human flaws, errors, and enthusiasms, challenged lesser men of both races and forced them to confront evils, falsehoods, and obsolete ways. It is quite another to say, as the U.S. government does say in creating a legal public holiday for him, that Martin Luther King Jr. was the most important American who ever lived, at least the peer of George Washington, the Father of his country, the only American in history to have his birthday made a national holiday, the man who is now first in the hearts of his countrymen. Conservatives, some of whom like Reps. Jack Kemp and Newt Gingrich voted for the King holiday in 1983, may devise whatever clever rationales for supporting it they can imagine, but Mr. Harding's understanding of

the meaning of King's career is far closer to the truth. In any case, aside from obligatory genuflections to King by neo-conservatives, "cultural conservatives," and the adherents of Mr. Gingrich's "Conservative Opportunity Society," I know of not a single serious, sustained effort by those on the contemporary American right to substantiate their endorsement of the holiday or of any serious argument why conservatives should honor Dr. King at all. If there are valid reasons why we should do so, we do not hear them. What we do hear are sermons from apostles such as Mr. Harding and company, most of whom can press a far more persuasive claim to Dr. King's legacy than conservatives of any description.

That legacy, as its keepers know, is profoundly at odds with the historic American order, and that is why they can have no rest until the symbols of that order are pulled up root and branch. To say that Dr. King and the cause he really represented is now part of the official American creed, indeed the defining and dominant symbol of that creed—which is what both houses of the United States Congress said in 1983 and what President Ronald Reagan signed into law shortly afterwards—is the beginning of a new order of the ages in which the symbols of the old order and the things they symbolized can retain neither meaning nor respect, in which they are as mute and dark as the gods of Babylon and Tyre, and from whose cold ashes will rise a new god, leveling their rough places, straightening their crookedness, and exalting every valley until the whole earth is flattened beneath his feet and perceives the glory of the new lord.



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A DIRGE FOR BOSNIA *by Momcilo Selic*

"Whom I served — by him I was buried!"
— 14th-Century Bosnian Inscription



"For now I began to get the news from Croatia," wrote Mrs. Ruth Mitchell, an American in Dubrovnik, in May of 1941. "I could not believe a quarter of them. Unfortunately, I was soon to know that they were a weak understatement of the truth. Men were soon to arrive in Dubrovnik itself, hung with strings of Serbian tongues and with bowls of Serbian eyes for sale."

From the ridge of the Dinaric Alps, Dubrovnik looks golden against a deep-blue sea. Olive groves and vineyards surround it, and the air smells of pomegranates and oranges and exotic, Mediterranean flowers. When they first reached it in the seventh century, the wandering Slavs must have regarded Ragusa as a paradise.

Bosnians, Bogomils who converted into Islam in the 15th century, were the men Ruth Mitchell saw in wartime Dubrovnik. Former Turkish Military Frontiersmen, they, ragged and dark, strolled through white, polished, sun-drenched Dubrovnik. Filigreed hanjars glistened in their sashes.

Until 1878, these Islamized Serbs or Croats manned a line that once divided the Eastern and the Western Roman Empire. Starting with the 15th century, the former adminis-

trative *limes* became the Military Frontier which sundered Austria from Turkey, East from West, Islam from Christianity, North from South. Marauding bands, growing overnight into hosts, ran back and forth across it, singing epic songs of treason and courage.

"Jovan, we'll cut your heart out!" my father heard the Bosnian Ustashe cry, in 1942.

The gunfire had subsided, and the Fourth Battalion of Tito's Fourth Montenegrin Proletarian Brigade lay face down in the rye. Most of the fighters were dead, cut down less than 150 feet before the small town of Kupres, in Bosnia.

Slowly, my father took out his pistol and put it against his head. His name was not Jovan, but he was a Serb.

The day before the storming of Kupres, on August 10, 1942, he and his soldiers had come upon the Bosnian Serb village of Gornji Malovan and found a house full of headless corpses. The old men, women, and children had been butchered above a hole cut in the wooden floor, and their blood collected in a barrel, in the cellar directly under.

The men who massacred them were the Bosnian Croats and the Bosnian Moslems of the Ustasha Black Legion, a

crack unit of the Armed Forces of the Independent State of Croatia. From time to time *Signal*, the Nazi version of *Life*, ran stories on Germany's loyal allies, the Croats. The Independent State repaid its debt by exterminating the Balkan *Lumpengesindel* and sending Ustashe to fight at Stalingrad.

My father, gravely wounded, did not kill himself that night. A woman soldier stayed his hand. Outlined against the early dawn, the two Serbs limped away from the battlefield, as the Ustashe fired upon them, wagering bets.

For Bosnia and Hercegovina, the turmoil did not start in 1941, nor even in 1914, when a young Bosnian Serb shot Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in Sarajevo. Triggered by Serb nationalism, the Great War, which destroyed empires, created new states, spawned Communism, and led to the Second World War, brought nothing new to Bosnia. Already the site of a timeless war of the worlds, Bosnia knew Illyrian, Celt, Roman, Teuton, Avar, Slav, Magyar, and Turkish armies, long before the Germans, the Italians, the Partisans, the Ustashe, and the Chetniks clashed in its dark forests.

For all their vaunted differences, however, the present day Bosnians—the Serbs, the Croats, and the Moslems—are a single South Slav people. They speak the same language, look the same, often have the same family names. From the times of a White Serbia and a White Croatia on the Oder, the Croats and the Serbs lived side by side. Once the East and the West, in the Balkans they became the South and the North as well.

Serbs were Christianized by Constantinople, Croats by Rome. Carved by peasant craftsmen, white limestone churches rose in Dalmatia. In Rascia, Serbs built rough, Byzantine *crkve*. Bearded nobles and barefoot ladies pushed aside mastiffs and peasants to enter. Saints were painted on the walls, until the Turks gouged their eyes out and covered them with lime.

Serbs remained free until the 15th century, long after the Croats had become Hungarian subjects. Defeated by the Ottomans, they fled to Croatia, Montenegro, and Bosnia, leaving only a part of their nation to be the Turkish *rayah*. But, as the Military Frontiersmen of the Austrian Empire, both the Serbs and the Croats fought the Bosnian Moslems, the most privileged military class of Ottoman Turkey. *Ramparts of Christendom* these yeomen Bosnian Croats and Serbs were called. Fiercely bewhiskered and scalp-locked, they ravaged Europe for the Habsburgs, as eagerly as their own borders.

In 1848, the Austrians threw Serb and Croat armies against the Revolution in Hungary and Vienna. In Croatia, which then included some Bosnian lands, immigrant Serbs were confirmed in their *Grenzer* status, while the Croats were turned over to the Hungarians, in a bid to save the Austro-Hungarian alliance. Geese, pigs, and brown-faced children ran happily through the streets of Serb military villages. Croat peasants, dressed in brilliant white embroidered with scarlet, their red cloaks swirling around them, danced at feast days, and quietly toiled the rest of the year. "To marry a Croat," a Serb from Croatia said to me, "was as unthinkable as marrying a cow."

South of the Danube, among the rolling hills of Serbia, free Serbs dreamed of an everlasting Serbian Empire, whose

kings would never again leave them in the lurch. One-time haiduks, the Serbs were tired of being the Heavenly Host. They wanted to unite and live in peace with brother Bosnians, Montenegrins, and Macedonians.

In answer to Hungarians who were trying to Magyarize them, Croatian intellectuals also began thinking of a Yugoslavia. They even adopted Hercegovinian Serbian as their literary language, to facilitate the forthcoming union.

Then, in 1878, Austria-Hungary occupied Turkish Bosnia and Hercegovina. Bosnian Croats were suddenly liberated, Bosnian Moslems confirmed as agas and beys, while Bosnian Serbs, apart from the Military Frontiersmen, remained the *rayah*.

Felled by a dum dum bullet in a battle that began long before he was born, my father lay in front of Kupres, watching a burning mosque. Whether he was aware of it as a symbol, he never told me. But he did tell me of his despair, and terror in the night.

Inside Kupres, Serb Military Frontiersmen of the Third Bosnian Partisan Military Frontier Corps barricaded themselves behind captured Ustasha field pieces. A tall, dark Military Frontiersman said to the Montenegrins, "Frontiersmen never fled before the Turks!"

After the Montenegrins retreated, the 13 Serbs were assaulted with hand grenades and killed where they lay. The Ustashe piled up their bodies, doused them with gasoline, and burnt them to cinders.

Just over the mountain from Dubrovnik, Kupres, black, burnt-out, choked with men and cattle, writhed silent among the wooded hills. Not far from it lay the immense Perucica, the last European jungle.

Let the Cross and the Mace clash,
Whose head bursts, woe is him!

sang Petar Petrovic Njegos, Prince-Bishop of 19th-century Montenegro. Seven feet tall, this mortal enemy of Bosnian and Hercegovinian Moslems died at 38, a victim of border wars, beheadings, impalements, and an eclectic, European knowledge. In Naples he ate oranges to cure his TB; to keep his aim true, he'd throw some of them high in the air and drill them with his pistol.

Today, in Bosnia, Njegos is reproached for writing of genocide. His *Mountain Garland*, printed first in Vienna in 1847, sings of war between the Cross and the Crescent, between Europe and Asia, light and darkness.

"Die, Serb," Suleiman Sokolovic, a Hercegovinian, said to me in the Yugoslav People's Army. His eyes were blue, his hair blond, his face and head long. Six feet four, he was the machine gunner, while I, being an inch shorter, was his helper.

"Suleiman," I said, "in 1969 you're still a Turk because you want to be one. Your forefathers were Serbs before they betrayed themselves and their people, and became agas."

"In the good old times, you would've been my serf," said Suleiman.

"Maybe," I said. "But maybe your head would've been stuck upon a stake, in front of my house in Montenegro!"

He grinned, a bleary, tired, not wholly unfriendly smile. We marched on, he lugging his M43, I carrying my Mauser and his gear.

For Bosnian peasants in 1941, everything was simple.



Wherever the Bosnian Serbs went, the Bosnian Croats and the Bosnian Moslems went the other way. Fascism, communism, democracy, even Christianity and Islam were just names. Balkan ethnic identity—tenuous, often imaginary and hence imperishable—was all.

In Hercegovina, families like the Sokolovici had split into Serbs, Croats, and Moslems, depending upon when certain relatives had changed their faith. Initially Serb, many had become Moslem or Roman Catholic in Ottoman Turkey, to better their lot. In Austria-Hungary, further thousands of Serbs became Catholic.

"With a stick the Turk [Bosnian Moslem] beat and pushed the old Christian [Bosnian Serb], as if the wretch were a pig, while the poor man just begged for mercy. I leapt forth to intervene, but two Bosnians [Serbs] grabbed me and pulled me back, whispering, with indescribable hatred, 'These are the Turks!'" wrote Sir Arthur Evans, after his 1875 trip through Bosnia. In the grip of an everlasting bronze age, Bosnia needed no excavating—wild, wooded, hilly, Bogomil of memory and sadness, it yielded everything to sight, readily.

Maybe that is why eyes were such a prized trophy, between 1941 and 1945.

Few Bosnians, Catholic or Orthodox, least of all the Moslems, had read the Book of Revelations. For them, religion was identity, to be fully affirmed only by the sacrament of murder. The Apocalypse, after all, was the favorite part of the Bogomil Bible, coming right after the Gospels.

When Communists appeared in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, Bosnian ethnic politics entered a new stage. ("These wretched fragments or ruins of former nations—Serbs, Bulgarians, Greeks, and other robber riff-raff who begrudge each other even the air they breathe, ought to cut each other's throats," prescribed Friedrich Engels.) Under Stalin—one-time Soviet Minister for

Nationalities—the Comintern dealt in incitement to genocide; in 1932, the Yugoslav Communist newspaper, *Prolet-er*, praised the Ustashe for their Velebit Uprising.

On July 22, 1941, Mile Budak, Ustasha Minister of Education and Cults, shouted to the crowd, "For the minorities—Serbs, Jews, and Gypsies—we have three million bullets. We shall kill one part of the Serbs. We shall transport another, and the rest of them will embrace the Roman Catholic religion."

Mile Budak was a novelist from the Croatian Military Frontier—like his Irish counterparts, he kissed the Cross and kept his powder dry. In their stony, dirt-poor hamlets, his countrymen cried in the night, their eyes glistening like the clear drops of their brandy.

"There are no Serbs," Croat ideologue Ante Starcevic had written in the 1890's. "There are only Croats, of Roman Catholic or Eastern Orthodox faith!"

When World War I began, Croatian and Bosnian regiments (both Moslem and Serb) were thrown against Serbia. At Cer alone, 20,000 of Franz Josef's soldiers died. Their bodies rotted in heaps, too big to bury.

In retaliation, General Potiorek's "Punitive Expedition" butchered thousands of noncombatants in occupied Serbian Macva, bordering upon Bosnian Posavina. Further thousands were killed by the Moslems along the Drina border.

Today, stone sarcophagi of the Bogomils dot Hercegovina. Crudely chiseled in bas-relief, warriors peacefully hold their right hands up. According to their creed, the world of the flesh and things was made by Satan; even having children was a sin. The Bosnian Manicheans fought off crusade after Hungarian crusade; when Sultan Mehmed II came, they stepped forth from behind the white walls of their cities and converted into Islam, en masse.

In 1941-1945, they formed three SS legionary divisions: the "Handschar," the "Kama" ("Knife"), and the "Devil's Division."

Then, to preserve the "brotherhood," the "unity," and the "equality" of Yugoslavia, the Communists let the Bosnian Moslems build 700 new mosques after the war, mostly with Libyan money. But the burnt and pillaged Orthodox churches in Banja Luka, Mostar, Gacko, and countless Bosnian Serb villages were never renewed, either for the lack of money, or permit.

Serbs, who had made up most of Tito's army, were phased out of the new government and party posts, and replaced in Bosnia with Moslems. As an overall Yugoslav majority, the Serbs could not be manipulated—post-war politics called for quotas, named "The Key" in Yugoslavia. Almost two thirds of Bosnia's population during the Ottomans, Bosnian Serbs have been turned by war and socialist peace into a minority. What the agas could not accomplish, by bedecking their towers with Serb heads, today's Moslem Communist cadres could, and did.

In Serbian Kosovo, once the part of the Ottoman Vilayet of Bosnia, ethnic Albanians, aware of propitious omens, are moving to create a Greater Albania. Like pre-1914 Serbs, they hope to dismantle an existing European state and create a new, juster reality.

Though neither the Soviets nor the Americans want a Balkan boil, Albanian youths who are raping their Serb neighbors' daughters, mothers, and grandmothers do not

care. If a Great Albania means mutilating Serbian cattle, burning Serb fields and orchards, desecrating Orthodox churches, monasteries, and cemeteries, maiming and murdering individual Serbs, too bad. Tomorrow, streets and squares will bear the irredentist's names (Gavrilo Princip has a street in Belgrade).

No man happy, none complete,
No man peaceful, none serene.
Each ceaselessly outraging the other,
Each an ape before the mirror!

sang Njegos in 1847. To those who hold that a country with Bosnia's legacy cannot exist, there is no answer. But France, until Louis 14th amalgamated it by fire and sword, was as diverse, and sorrowful, as Yugoslavia. So was pre-Bismarck Germany, or Russia before Peter the Great. Even today, North and South Italy are more disparate than Slovenia and Macedonia. And North and South U.S. had once indebted each other at least as much as the Serbs, the Moslems, and the Croats.

Despite Tito's charismatic ethnic shuffling, and all the murders and lies of 2,000 years of history, there are many Bosnians today who wish to be persons instead of ethnic exemplars. When Yugoslav soccer teams play in Germany, the *gastarbeiter* throng the stands and shout, "Yu-go-sla-vi-a! Yu-go-sla-vi-a!"

Slovenes, more industrious than the neighboring Austrians, are tired of their Bosnians (Moslem, Serb, or Croat). Brought in as guest workers, the Southerners (and Easterners) had proved too rambunctious and unassimilable. There is talk among Slovene intellectuals of a future Danubian Confederation, a resurrected Austria-Hungary.

Yet, like Sandinista Nicaragua, the Federal Democratic Republic of Yugoslavia was set up, in 1945, to enforce justice and equality, by whatever means at hand. Over 100,000 Yugoslavs were shot as "nationalist forces of the counterrevolution," many of them handed over by the Allies in Austria, after May 8, 1945. As with the previous, Ustasha murders, no one will ever know how many were executed. The kin cannot gather to tally (one to 10 years for "associating against the people and the state"), while one-time executioners are today's bureaucrats. In various Yugoslav embassies and offices, they wear well-made suits and speak English, French, or German. Charming, like Daniel Ortega, they display no marks of the Devil.

When I was a schoolboy in postwar Yugoslavia, I was taught about medieval Bosnia and its fabled Ban Kulin. Bogomils, I was told, were a revolutionary sect of peaceful men and women who called each other "Christians." Since they were underdogs, and rebels, Communists upheld them, retrospectively.

Like pellets of steel, the Bosnian Bogomils, and later, the Bosnian Moslems, persevered in the living body of Europe. From time to time, they had their Jesse Jacksons, and Malcolm X's, and Yugoslavs still tell stories of them.

"In 1941," Milos Dragicevic, a Bosnian Serb, said to me, "Mico Stupar ran out of his house when the Ustashe came. From a hiding place he watched his brothers and sisters butchered in front of his parents, before their throats were slit too. He was seven years old then."

When we were alone, Mico Stupar said to me, "Then I

ran into the forest and slept for full seven days and nights." And he smiled, like a blond, bashful boy.

Among the Montenegrins, whose history is one of ceaseless war against the Bosnians, the Hercegovinians, and the Albanians, there is a tale: Once upon a time, the lions fought the wolves, who were as numerous as any horde. Time and again the lions won, against odds 10 to one and more.

But one day a lion scout came to the lion king and said, "Your Majesty, the wolves are at it again: their army is poised to attack us along the borders of our kingdom."

"So what," said the Lion King, "we've dealt with them before. The wolves, though many and savage, are all so different—white, gray, black, even yellow, they always had as much trouble between themselves as against us."

"But, Your Majesty," said the scout, "this time each and every one of them is greenish-gray, with green, fiery eyes, and their ranks are quiet and taut, like the string of a bow."

And the Lion King wept.

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Revolution in Technology, the Arts, and Politics

by James W. Tuttleton

"In the end physics will replace ethics just as metaphysics displaced theology. The modern statistical view of ethics contributes toward that."
—Søren Kierkegaard

Shifting Gears: Technology, Literature, Culture in Modernist America by Cecelia Tichi, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.

The Futurist Moment: Avant-Garde, Avant Guerre, and the Language of Rupture by Marjorie Perloff, Chicago: University of Chicago Press; \$24.95.

When the historical sequence of men, of societies, of time and thought failed Henry Adams — sequences that might have yielded him some meaning about life — he remarked in *The Education* that he found himself in the Paris Gallery of Machines at the Great Exposition of 1900, "his historical neck broken by the sudden irruption of forces totally new." But despite such anxieties about the rise of machine culture, between

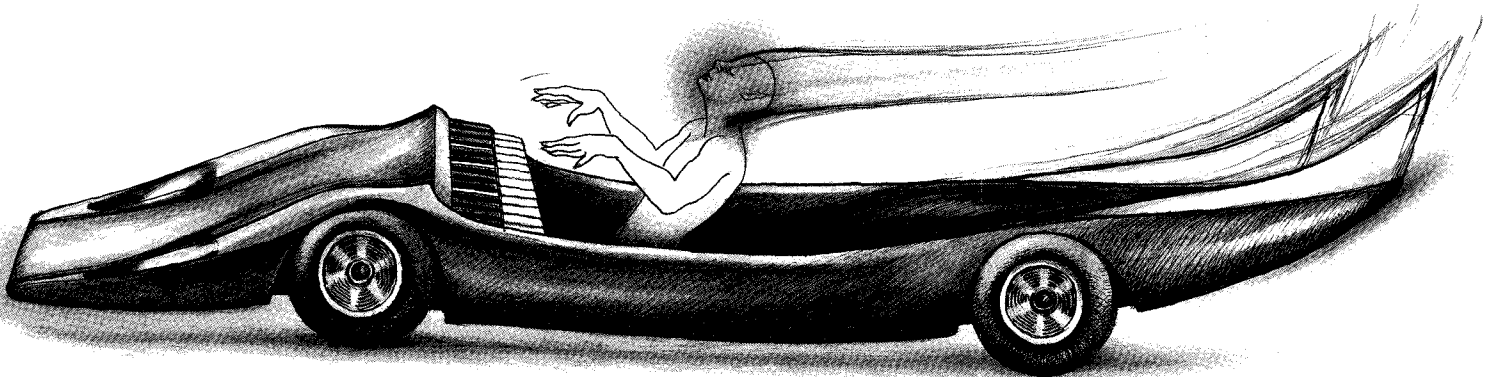
1850 and 1925 in nearly every area of human activity a machine was introduced, improved, or perfected. The invention of the locomotive, the automobile, the airplane, the reaper, the dynamo, the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, the typewriter, and the sewing machine — together with construction feats like the tunnel, the canal, the suspension bridge, the steel tower, and the skyscraper — all of these transformed Western culture, unarguably for the better. In *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Twain went so far as to name "the creators of this world — after God" as Gutenberg, Watt, Arkwright, Whitney, Morse, Stephenson, and Bell, the inventors, respectively, of the printing press, steam engine, cotton spinner, cotton gin, telegraph, locomotive, and telephone. The Yankee Hank Morgan, who can make anything from a sewing machine to gunpowder, is meant to be a composite of modern practical ingenuity, the Inventor-Engineer par excellence.

What was the effect on art and culture of these machines and techno-

logical developments? The simplest answer is that they provided artists with images and analogues for writing about perfectly human and natural activities. When Sherwood Anderson writes in *Winesburg, Ohio* that Wing Biddlebaum's uncontrollable hands were "the piston rods of his machinery of expression," it is clear that the organic world view of an earlier age — when Thoreau could write that a man "bears a poem . . . as naturally as the oak bears an acorn and the vine a gourd" — has given way to a wholly different matrix of machine images. But did the new technology really alter the perception of writers and painters at the turn of the century?

This question is at the heart of two new studies of technology and the modern artistic imagination — Cecelia Tichi's *Shifting Gears: Technology, Literature, Culture in Modernist America* and Marjorie Perloff's *The Futurist Moment: Avant-Garde, Avant Guerre, and the Language of Rupture*. Professor Tichi, who teaches English at Boston University, offers a straightforward reading of the impact on American culture of what she calls "gear and girder" technology — the visible machinery of wheels, pistons, cogs, ball bearings, springs, and the like. From the foundries and factories and their dynamic processes, she traces

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K.M.J.88.

a new cultural emphasis on stabilizing mechanical and personnel operations, reducing inefficiency through Taylorization and time-and-motion studies, and eliminating waste in materials and methods. She finds that the marvel of machinery temporarily made the engineer one of our cultural heroes, that technological and business values began to color the thinking of Americans, and that machines and technological operations began to be thematized in literature. For some, even a new beauty had been born. As the Italian F.T. Marinetti announced in his 1909 Futurist manifesto: "A racing car whose hood is adorned by great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath, is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*." Likewise, Hart Crane hymned *The Bridge*.

Professor Tichi's account of technology as subject matter—in works like Frank Norris' *The Octopus*, Eugene O'Neill's *The Dynamo*, Willa Cather's *Alexander's Bridge*—is well done. But I have serious reservations about her claim that the rise of machines produced the mechanization of literary form itself. It is true that William Carlos Williams once said that "A poem is a small (or large) machine made of words." But is a poem a machine—any more than it is a gourd or fruit? Professor Tichi seems to take it on faith that the essence of literary art alters with the new metaphors used to describe it. Hence she analyzes the fiction of Dos Passos, Hemingway, and others as if they were machines constructed on the technological principles of stability, efficiency, and the avoidance of waste. Since many of her literary examples have nothing to do with machines, she recurs to the far-fetched analogue herself. She knows very well that Hemingway's stories reflect no interest in machines and that his precision and economy of style can be accounted for by the demands of journalism and the brevities of the cable dispatch, but thesismongering requires her to take an absence for a presence:

Hemingway shows how it is that writings on a range of subjects can embody the values of machine technology. Stories and novels about hunting or fishing, bullfighting or boxing can

exhibit a machine aesthetics, even when machines or structures play no part in the fiction. The pictorial representation of a machine or structure is not necessary and may be irrelevant. The form is what counts, and formally Hemingway's style marks the achievement of machine values in imaginative literature. He proves that the dominant technology does define or redefine the human role in relation to nature. He is full of nostalgia for a preindustrial "natural" environment, but his sentences are irrevocably of another, a gear-and-girder, world.

It would be difficult to find a more egregious non sequitur. One would think that spare, economical, effective prose was ne'er written before the industrial era.

More disturbing, however, is the analysis by Marjorie Perloff of the pre-World War I Futurist movement in relation to the new industrial technology. *The Futurist Moment* offers a provocative reading of the manifesto as an art form, of the collage technique, and of performance art as produced by various Futurists in France, Italy, and Russia. Of course, most of what the Futurists produced was inane nonsense deliberately at war with logic, causality, temporality, grammar, syntax, and referentiality itself. But Perloff seems not to mind. The manifestos, paintings, poems, and collages of Marinetti, Blaise Cendrars, Sonia Delaunay, Kasimir Malevich, and others (lavishly illustrated in this book) were modeled on the advertisement, the poster, the placard, ticket stub, and handbill. And they celebrated machines, technology, speed, violence, energy, revolution, propellers, airplanes, engines, steel towers, tanks—even war itself. Is it art?

Not by a distinguished standard. In fact, the Futurists set themselves against distinction of every kind and cultivated the merely outrageous. For the Futurists, the past did not exist. "The only freedom we demand," declared Velimir Khlebnikov in 1914, "is freedom from the dead." To secure this freedom they called for revolution

and war. Against what? The "banality" of middle-class Western culture. In the ninth thesis of his manifesto, Marinetti proclaimed: "We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom-bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn of woman." Enchanted with machines, Marinetti proclaimed that "War is beautiful because it initiates the dreamt-of metalization of the human body," because "it enriches a flowering meadow with the fiery orchids of machine guns," and "it creates new architecture, like that of the big tanks, the geometrical formation flights, the smoke spirals from burning villages." Mayakovsky, declaring war to be "magnificent," called in Russia for the poetic muse "to ride the gun-carriage wearing a hat of fiery orange feathers." Well, the *avant guerre* Futurists got the revolution and the great war they wanted; and how they suffered for it. But so did millions of others who had not asked for it and who did not romanticize its "hygienic" properties.

How are we to read the barbarous and antihuman manifestos, the placard poems, and the outrageous public performance of these *avant guerre* radicals who gave rise to nihilistic Dadaism and the fatuities of Surrealism? Weren't they all proto-Fascists? Well, yes, mostly. But Perloff would like us to believe that Russian Futurism was different: "The Russian poets and artists of the prewar years expressed a faith in war as the revolution that would bring about a Brave New World, as the necessary first step in bringing down the institutions of church, monarchy, and the class system." She means us to see a noble idealism in their brand of revolutionary warmongering. But did the Bolsheviks think them noble? Trotsky and Lenin had them pegged perfectly, better than Professor Perloff. Lenin dismissed them as a "plethora of bourgeois intellectuals" who wanted a revolution in order to play out "their individual theories in philosophy and culture." And Trotsky in *Literature and Revolution* (1922) wrote them off as bourgeois Bohemians posturing within "the closed-in circle of the Intelligentsia." The masses, the revolution, had no use for them. The Marxist Walter Benjamin was more accurate than he knew—in "The

Work of Art in an Age of Mechanical Reproduction" (1936)—when he remarked that the Futurist glorification of war was "evidently the consummation of *'l'art pour l'art.'*"

But despite these authoritative leftist dismissals, Professor Perloff is still nostalgic about the artists of the *avant guerre*. For her, the Futurist moment "has a special pathos" because it "produced a short-lived but remarkable rapprochement between avant-garde aesthetic, radical politics, and popular culture." No matter how destructive Futurism was, it appeals to her because of what she calls "our own postmodern urge to break down the centered, hier-

archical orders of the past." What counts for her is that the Futurists foreshadowed contemporary efforts to destroy high culture, the link between the world and the text, and the connection between art and referentiality to the world itself. She is in love with the notion of "rupture" and commends the Futurists for preparing the way for the abysses of Jacques Derrida's *Glas*, John Cage's *Empty Words*, Robert Smithson's "Strata: A Geophotographic Fiction," and Laurie Anderson's *United States*. Perloff, an English professor at Stanford and presumably a guardian of humanistic values, thus demonstrates that she has

no respect for culture itself, for the value of tradition, for the delicate ties that bind men and women together in the totality of an organic community. Duty, responsibility, prescription, obedience, authority, the past—all of these apparently mean nothing to her. What counts for her is how the Futurists were committed to the destruction of the given, to aestheticizing the radical in politics and culture. If she can see what it got the Futurists and their contemporaries, does she have the vision to see what breaking down "the centered, hierarchical orders of the past" might get us? From the evidence of this book, she hasn't a clue.

The Rubble of Reconstruction by James J. Thompson Jr.

"The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the more it will contract."

—O.W. Holmes Jr.

The South as It Is, 1865-1866 by John R. Dennett, edited by Henry M. Christman, Athens: University of Georgia Press; \$12.50.

The Legal Fraternity and the Making of a New South Community, 1848-1882 by Gail Williams O'Brien, Athens: University of Georgia Press; \$23.50.

Christian Reconstruction: The American Missionary Association and Southern Blacks, 1861-1890 by Joe M. Richardson, Athens: University of Georgia Press; \$30.00.

In July 1865 John R. Dennett, a Massachusetts journalist and recent graduate of Harvard College, arrived in Norfolk, Virginia, the first stop on an eight-month journey that would take him from Virginia to Louisiana. Dennett's tour was sponsored by *The Nation*, a new journal of liberal opinion that eyed the recently defeated Confederacy with special attention. The guns had just fallen silent and the killing had ceased when Dennett ar-

rived in the South. Southerners—white and black alike—were faced with the exigencies of survival and recovery. Dennett carried with him a bagful of preconceptions and prejudices (he was, after all, a Massachusetts man, with all that connoted in 1865). But curiosity overrode partisanship: the dispatches he mailed to the editorial offices in New York revealed a man willing to let Southerners talk freely about their situation. And talk they did! With the volubility so characteristic of the South, they filled Dennett's notebooks with their sorrows and hurts, their fears and expectations, their bitterness and anger, their pluck, courage, and tenacity.

In his travels Dennett visited Guilford County, North Carolina, the subject of Gail O'Brien's *The Legal Fraternity and the Making of a New South Community*, and on numerous occasions he encountered idealistic young Northerners (a type examined in Joe Richardson's *Christian Reconstruction*) who had flocked to the South to "construct Christian civilization."

Professor O'Brien's book is the grotesque progeny of a marriage between sociology and quantification, a union that American historians have been

increasingly proud to bless. Poor Guilford County has been assaulted by whirring computers and reams of graphs, tables, and statistical computations. Instead of flesh-and-blood Guilfordians, we meet "powerholders" who compete for "power scores." A mountain of statistics and computer printouts has strained to bring forth a mouse: Guilford County "represented a prototype of the 'New South.'"

Professor Richardson's *Christian Reconstruction* exemplifies the more traditional genre of institutional history. He examines the activities of the American Missionary Association, one of many Northern philanthropic organizations that seized upon the Confederacy's fall as an opportunity to remold the South in the image of the North. Between 1866 and 1880 the AMA employed over 2,000 agents in this endeavor. These operatives—mainly young women from the Midwest and New England—labored to educate the newly freed slaves by meddling in every corner of their lives, attempting, not very successfully, to impose Yankee efficiency and Puritan morality upon the freedmen.

The books by O'Brien and Richardson, along with Dennett's observant account, open many vistas upon the postwar South. Perhaps most important, they prompt us to raise again some old and familiar questions. Given the situation at the end of the war, how might the future of the South

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have been channeled into a different course? Could the woeful mistakes—committed by all parties involved—have been obviated? Could the South have been spared the war's legacy of poverty, bitterness, and racial antagonism?

Certainly the agents of the AMA would have answered yes to the last question, for they saw the moment as ripe for rectifying old errors, extirpating cancers from the body politic, and erecting in the South a social order of which New England could be proud. They had to reckon, however, with the recalcitrance of white Southerners, a people defeated but not supine. Dennett attested to "the hatred of Northern people, which makes itself manifest more or less distinctly in nearly every Southern community." He should have expected no less, especially since he surveyed a ravaged Columbia, South Carolina, remarking that "one is everywhere surrounded by ruins and silent desolation."

The AMA teachers were perplexed by the former Confederates' passionate aversion. Couldn't Southerners comprehend that they were being proffered the blessings of Yankee civilization? Even more puzzling to these eager young women was the resistance of the blacks to their ministrations. Yes, the freedmen wanted schools and teachers, but increasingly they clamored for black teachers and for schools administered by members of their own race. They also resisted the schoolmarm's adjurations to comport themselves like proper New Englanders, to quit drinking, smoking, and snuffling after scarlet women. Above all, they were to stop wailing, moaning, and shouting in church. There was also that curious identity that former slaves felt with their homeland. As a black AMA teacher from North Carolina put it: "I am proud to say that I am a daughter of the South with no taint of Yankeeism in my veins." A bond existed between white and black Southerners—an intertwining of the two races that the Yankee mind could not fathom. The future of the South had to be forged out of this relationship; blue-coated soldiers and well-intentioned schoolteachers from Ohio and Massachusetts could only retard the working out of a distinctively Southern *modus vivendi*.

Unfortunately, the white Southerner's aversion to Yankees did not extend to Northern capitalists, or at least not to their capital. Dennett encountered fellow New Englanders scouting the South with money to invest and discovered more than a few Southerners eager to swallow the bait. Atlantans were already panting for progress and economic development, and from New Orleans Dennett wrote: "As for Northern capital, they welcome it." The citizens of Atlanta and New Orleans had minor-league counterparts throughout the South—bustling entrepreneurs who saw the destruction of the old order as an invitation to get rich.

Nearly 40 years ago Vann Woodward, in his *Origins of the New South*, argued that the war toppled the old planter elite, replacing it with a regime of lawyers and businessmen who laid the foundations for the "New South." Professor O'Brien gives an intriguing twist to Woodward's thesis, contending that in Guilford County the "planter-businessman-attorney" rose to prominence on the eve of the war, held on during the conflict, and in the years after engaged in a flurry of enterprise that helped transform North Carolina into the South's most industrialized state. Although they owned plantations, these men honored no exclusively agrarian ethos; land was simply another form of income, and they readily speculated in their broad acres. They possessed, in O'Brien's words, a "vigorous entrepreneurial spirit" that dreamed of cities and factories as the salvation of the South. This entrepreneurship was for whites only; and even for whites, save for a select few, it led not to general prosperity but to exploitation by absentee investors.

If neither Northern schoolteachers (backed by Yankee bayonets) nor Southern entrepreneurs could set a different course for the South, then who could? For starters, the federal government might have pursued a different policy. Until the North wearied of coercing the South and removed the last of its troops in 1877, Washington focused almost exclusively on enforcing voting rights (crucial for Republican dominance in the South and the nation) and civil equality for blacks, the very programs guaranteed to incense white Southerners. Attention would

have been better directed toward mitigating racial friction and establishing blacks on a sound economic footing. Dennett observed that the freedmen expected to receive land grants from the federal government—a hope quickly dashed. Many plantations lay abandoned, their former owners either dead or too impoverished to pay taxes. These lands could have been parceled out to black farmers; instead they were sold to whites, often Northerners.

Another alternative existed: The government could have established willing blacks on the virgin lands of the Great Plains, an area that later would be settled and cultivated by white farmers. This would have enhanced economic prospects for the freedmen and, by reducing the black population of the South, eased white anxieties over the presence in their midst of three and one-half million former slaves. Why did the North not grasp this opportunity? The answer lies largely in the bitter antiblack sentiment that infected the North, especially the Middle West that provided the bulk of settlers for the Plains states. The cry of "free soil for free men" had reverberated through the Midwest in the 1850's; this sentiment implied not only hatred of slaveholders and the institution of slavery, but of blacks as well. The Republican Party, dependent upon Midwestern votes, had no intention of alienating its main constituency by promoting the settlement of blacks in the new lands west of the Mississippi.

That leaves one possibility for what could have been a dramatic alteration in the future course of the South. Perhaps this possibility asks too much of human nature, for it would have required an embittered, defeated people to shoulder the burden of creating an equitable society. A genuine paternalism had existed among slaveholders in the antebellum period. To note this is not to ignore the horrors of the slave system but to say that many slaveholders were decent men who refused to brutalize their bondsmen. Lamentably, this paternalism was severely battered by defeat, emancipation and Yankee coercion. But suppose the old paternalism had somehow reasserted itself. Suppose that former slaveholders had seen justice in the hopes of blacks and had voluntarily rewarded their former slaves with land. Some form of

federally financed compensation to the former masters for lost property would have facilitated such magnanimity. A revived paternalism might also have accepted the duty of schooling blacks in the ways of freedom and responsible citizenship, recognizing that if the two races were to live in harmony, whites were obliged to aid blacks in elevating themselves.

John Dennett and the AMA agents found surprisingly little anger or resentment among Southern blacks. The urge to avenge themselves upon their former owners did not loom large among the freedmen. They insisted on maintaining their free status and sought an economic stake in society, but beyond that, most blacks exercised an admirable restraint and moderation. They would probably have responded

favorably to overtures of aid and friendship from whites. Thirty years later, Booker T. Washington still asked for no more than a chance for the blacks to prove themselves in the economic arena. Because blacks were so remarkably patient in the years after the Civil War, it is not outlandish to suggest that, offered the opportunity to farm their own land, they would have foregone voting rights and civil equality until times were more propitious. As it was, they got nothing from the white South and only a paper freedom from the North. Ironically, as independent landowners, they would have formed the bedrock of the yeomanry whose passing the Nashville Agrarians lamented in the 1930's.

Qaddafi rules a land that deserves better. His is not the first regime in 20th-century Libya to achieve military domination through terror. In the 1920's, Mussolini's troops under General Rudolfo Graziani, in an effort to crush Libyan resistance led by Omar Mukhtar, raped and disemboweled women, threw men from airplanes, and established concentration camps in which tens of thousands of Libyans died. The movie *Lion of the Desert* provides a reasonably accurate picture of these events. It is ironic indeed that Qaddafi, a third-rate terrorist by Italian standards, sees himself as the heir of Omar Mukhtar within Libya and of Gamal Abdul Nasser in the wider Arab world.

Concerning Qaddafi, strange stories are told. For example, some reports have it that Qaddafi's mother was really a Libyan Jewess who married a Saharan tribesman during the 1940's. If true, Jewish law would of course claim Qaddafi as a Jew. Another tale is that Qaddafi is the son of a Jewish woman raped by an Italian soldier. If the latter is correct, it may explain Qaddafi's attempts to eliminate all "foreign" influences and his pathological hatred of Israel and the West. Whatever the facts of his birth, Qaddafi's bizarre personal behavior as head of state is not in doubt. To relax, Qaddafi occasionally lies on the floor of his office and covers his body with a sheet. CIA reports indicate that he suffers from attacks of depression and takes sleeping pills and stimulants to get from one day to the next. Although a married man with children, Qaddafi has three foreign female sexual partners (two Yugoslavs, one East German), and regularly propositions visiting female journalists. Yet no Western intelligence service considers Qaddafi insane or a buffoon whose actions do not merit the closest monitoring.

For their part, Blundy and Lycett provide a sound account of Qaddafi's formative years, his (inchoate) political philosophy and his attitudes toward Islam, the Libyan oil industry and the country's economic development. They present data collected by Israeli and American sources demonstrating that the principal targets of Qaddafi's terrorism abroad have not been America, Israel, or the West, but his own

LIBERAL ARTS

The director of the New WORLD Theater bares her soul in the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities Bulletin (December '87/January '88):

This past year it was my privilege to serve on the Massachusetts state art council's theater panel. There I was distressed to discover the real extent to which Massachusetts' theaters had failed to achieve even minimum compliance with Affirmative Action guidelines. Despite the fact that this is the law as well as one of three criteria for Council consideration (the other two being artistic excellence and a commitment to Massachusetts artists), the vast number of applicants were characterized by racial homogeneity.

We still have the necessity and responsibility to ensure that we do not continue to impoverish our art by forcing the Gordon Heaths, Dexter Gordons, Paul Robesons, et al to higher ground beyond our borders in search of artistic opportunity and integrity.

For Paul Robeson, of course, the "higher ground beyond our borders," was the land of "artistic opportunity," was Joseph Stalin's Soviet Union.

The Prankster From Tripoli

by Antony T. Sullivan

***Qaddafi and the Libyan Revolution* by David Blundy and Andrew Lycett, Boston: Little, Brown; \$17.95.**

One of the more curious features of our time is the inordinate attention given by the Reagan administration and the American media to Libya and its mercurial dictator, Muammar Qaddafi. Sporadic outbursts in Washington, echoed in the press, have served to elevate the unstable ruler of a weak, Third World police state to almost superhuman proportions. In the process, American policymakers have contributed to whatever influence Qaddafi has gained among extremists in the Middle East and deflected attention from the more effective practitioners of terror in that region. In recent years, Qaddafi has come to symbolize much that Americans think they know and dislike about the Arab and Muslim worlds, and he has provided Washington a scapegoat on which to vent frustration for failed policies toward Lebanon, Iran, and the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Understanding all this, British journalists David Blundy and Andrew Lycett, longtime Middle East correspondents for the London *Sunday Times*, try to demythologize Qaddafi in this balanced and objective book.

Libyan opponents and political moderates from Arab and African countries. The authors discuss CIA warnings to the White House that a military attack on Libya would neither overthrow Qaddafi nor significantly reduce terrorism. And, familiar with the relevant scholarship on Libya, Blundy and Lycett assist the reader with an excellent index.

Interestingly, Qaddafi's view of society is a holistic one. His "Green Book" occasionally sounds like a poor imitation of Fichte or Herder. The nation is a "natural," organic entity, compacted of family and tribe. The primary societal values, Qaddafi maintains, are solidarity, cohesiveness, and unity. The integrity of the family has unique importance: "Societies in which the existence and unity of the family are threatened," he writes, "are similar to those whose plants are in danger of being swept away by drought or fire." None of this has prevented him from encouraging women out of the home and into the army or from attacking Libya's religious establishment. On both counts, Qaddafi has sought to create new, "radicalized" constituencies loyal to him alone.

Despite Qaddafi's military rule and his use of terror both at home and abroad, there is little doubt that he has long enjoyed widespread popular support within Libya. Recently, there have been signs that this support may be eroding, as sharply lower oil prices impose constraints to which Libyans have not been accustomed since the late 1960's. Nevertheless, as Blundy and Lycett point out, Libyans still earn more per capita than do Englishmen and enjoy free education and medical care as well. Most own a house and few are unemployed. Clearly, Libyans remain among the economic elite of the Third World. Barring a total collapse of oil prices, rampant popular disaffection with Qaddafi or his policies is unlikely.

Especially puzzling, then, is Qaddafi's frantic campaign to eliminate his Libyan critics abroad. Ironically, Qaddafi's efforts to assassinate Libya's "stray dogs" overseas recall the Reagan administration's attempt in April 1986 to assassinate the "mad dog" who rules Libya. As Qaddafi's operations only undermined Europe's toleration of his regime, so American bombing discour-

aged whatever opposition to Qaddafi may have existed within the Libyan officer corps. Silent contempt would have been a more intelligent approach for both Libya and the United States and would probably have served their national interests more effectively.

If the publisher had understood the contents of this book, the dust jacket might have avoided the spectacularly erroneous suggestion that the authors have presented new evidence concerning the enormous terrorist threat that Qaddafi poses to the West. Moreover, better editing might have eliminated some of the tedious detail accorded Qaddafi's foreign adventures and economic relationships. These flaws aside, this book can be recommended to anyone seeking a judicious assessment of Qaddafi and Libya during the last two decades.

Antony T. Sullivan is director of Near East Support Services, a consulting firm.

Better War Than Troubles

by Thomas McGonigle

The Gun in Politics: An Analysis of Irish Political Conflict, 1916-1986 by J. Boyer Bell, New Brunswick: Transaction Books; \$24.95.

The Irish have a word—as they are supposed to—for this sort of book: blather. The author could be described as one of those fellows who "does go on," to the point of being, eventually, barred from the pub for boring everyone to tears.

The Gun in Politics bears the subtitle "An Analysis of Irish Political Conflict, 1916-1986." If we are to judge a book by its cover, given the reality of much that is published in the United States, we might conclude that this was an interesting book. The gun has been a central force in modern Irish history, even if it is not immediately visible or heard, and it would be good to have such a study. However, Bell's book is not that but rather a collection of previously published essays on diverse themes. As the author writes in his own introduction, "... a mingled

manuscript—some old, some new, much discarded, all edited, a medley rather than separate essays or a brand new book." He adds in way of defense that the book has "little wisdom to offer after a generation in and out of the island."

Mr. Bell's medley is composed of an interminable essay about his own living in Ireland, a bibliographical critical overview of everything that has been written on the Irish problem in the last 15 years or so, a buff's history of the Thompson submachine gun (originally published in *The Irish Sword, Journal of the Military History Society of Ireland*), a history of the Irish contribution to the Spanish Civil War which reads like a proposal for an interesting book. And that is Bell's main problem: much of his book reads like a proposal, a pitch for this or that grant, a hustle to get some of the loose cash that floats around and about in university and government circles, engaged in the study of terrorism and other assorted problems. A world populated with people such as Mr. Bell, who is president of something called International Analysis Center Inc. (a consulting firm focusing on the problems of unconventional war, terrorism, deception, risk analysis, and crisis management), is indeed in trouble, for anyone who has the time and money to consult such an organization might as well kiss his ass good-bye: it is already too late. The facts of the Irish case are laid out and plain when it comes to the situation in Ireland today. It was all probably a matter of failure of nerve in 1921. If Michael Collins had held out, if he had been better informed and had waited while negotiating with Lloyd George an end to the war between England and Ireland, partition would not have occurred. True, the war would have gone on, but it would have ended in real resolution rather than postponing it to some dim future. The Algerians, for example, knew this while fighting the French in the 1950's. Today there is no part of Algeria that is "forever" France. It is done with. There is France, and there is Algeria. But today there is Ireland, there is England, and there is something called Northern Ireland. And there is war acknowledged as such only by the IRA. The English treat it as a civil disturbance and brand their opponents

as criminals for taking up arms; in the Republic, all shades of Republican sentiment are publicly tolerated, except the IRA. A citizen of the Republic must monitor British airwaves if he wants to hear or see representatives of the IRA. They are banned from the Republic's radio and television in the interest of "controlling terrorism" and preventing a full discussion of the real situation in Ireland.

There is nothing very edifying about the IRA. It is a brutal, authoritarian organization, but it does represent—in its uncompromising goal of a united Ireland—what will be the eventual solution to this age-long conflict. Eventually, Ireland will be one country, separated from England. It will be a country composed of a number of traditions, but none of them will be supported by a foreign force as now in the North, where England sees fit to protect and foster the Loyalist cause.

But today even the Loyalists are beginning to see that this cannot go on forever, and there is talk of an independent Northern Ireland which many think would be a step in the right direction. In many ways the Loyalists are a tragic people, touching in their love of the Crown, and their pride in their dead on the Somme without realizing that the English see them as just another aspect of "The Irish Problem."

Much of the American intellectual community is Anglophile and willful in its ignorance of Irish history. If it hasn't been on PBS as a boring British TV series, these pundits won't know anything about it. The curse of small nations is to know too much history, especially of their relations with their large neighbor. The large neighbor, on his part, could care less and blunders on.

The whole relationship between England and Ireland can be summed up in a single English joke: An Irish-

man is sitting in a London pub. He turns to the West Indian sitting next to him and asks, "You wouldn't be Irish, would you?" "No," the West Indian replies, "I have enough trouble being coloured."

Need we remind ourselves of all those other garden spots of fraternity and toleration in the world today: the Indian sub-continent, Palestine, South Africa, Canada, Cyprus—all, like Ireland, the victims of the unfailing English ability to divide, conquer, and rule through the manipulation of religious, national, or racial groups. Ah, happy world.

Thomas McGonigle's most recent novel is *The Corpse Dream* of N. Petkov (*The Dalkey Archive Press*).

Criticism Lite

by Gregory J. Sullivan

The Moronic Inferno and Other Visits to America by Martin Amis, New York: Viking Press; \$16.95.

Any reader familiar with Martin Amis' novels—especially his most recent, *Money: A Suicide Note* (1984)—will not be surprised by the relentlessly contemptuous tone of *The Moronic Inferno and Other Visits to America*, a collection of his essays and articles on America and Americans. While Amis confesses at the outset that he "feel[s] fractionally American" (his wife, we are told, is one of ours), he makes a heroic effort to distinguish himself from the America so superficially depicted in this slovenly little book.

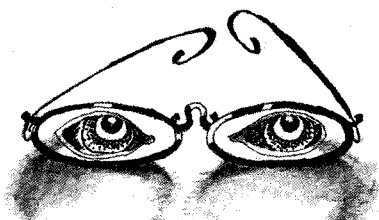
Roughly half the pieces in *The Moronic Inferno* are book reviews, all of which cover contemporary American novelists: Vidal, Roth, and Heller (Amis is nothing if not impeccably trendy in his tastes). They're hardly the sort of writers to evoke profundity in any reviewer. There are a few insights, however: contrasting, for example, the relative sophistication of Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* with his later efforts, Amis says, "The novel was impossibly adult: the immaturity was all to come." Amis views this immaturity in both writers and their work as somehow an inevitable consequence

of pursuing a life of letters in this Republic. He seems wholly unaware that Walker Percy and Robert Penn Warren have created formidable oeuvres without embracing the public and private silliness of Mailer and the New York scene.

Amis' literary icon—the sole island of sanity and culture in Philistine America—is Saul Bellow: "Saul Bellow really is a great American writer. I think that in a sense he is the writer that the twentieth century has been waiting for. . . . Bellow has made his own experience resonate more memorably than any living writer." Now, Bellow is a good novelist, but it is hard to believe that his experience has resonated more memorably than Solzhenitsyn's. Moreover, Amis is too reverential toward Bellow's fiction (*The Dean's December*, a disappointing book even for a Bellow admirer, is given a flattering review) and his opinions on American decadence. And it is with the latter that Amis is most concerned. In his chats with Bellow, Amis rarely brings up literary subjects; instead, Bellow is queried about politics and the corrupt sensibility of acquisitive America. He tells Amis that "this is not an art society. It is a money society, a pleasure society." Amis, alas, reports this indictment with sycophantic glee.

In his essay on Joan Didion, Amis reveals more than he intended: "All of us are excited by what we most deplore," and what he obviously finds most deplorable about America is its tawdriness, something that not only excites but titillates him. Not surprisingly, then, his essays on American "culture" are merely trips through the menagerie—namely, Elvis, Palm Beach, Hugh Hefner, and so on. There is something almost pathetic in this unfailingly parochial view of America.

"Double Jeopardy: Making Sense of AIDS," Amis' most consistent attempt at seriousness in *The Moronic Inferno*, is well researched; but his failure to comprehend the moral facet of this behaviorally based disease is typical. That is, he is aware that the homosexual "life-style" (not "life-choice," as Amis erroneously says we call it) was before AIDS savagely promiscuous; he notes, for instance, that "the median number of sexual part-



ners for gay American AIDS patients is over eleven hundred." Yet Amis, so quick to satirize dissolute behavior in general, tells us that the homosexual revolution "was, on the whole, a vivid and innocuous adventure, one that seemed to redress many past confusions." Who's confused?

Amis has already displayed considerable literary talents, and it is lamentable that *The Moronic Inferno* should disclose a blinkered and gratuitously condescending view of America, a country that he has never, really, visited.

Gregory J. Sullivan is a graduate student at Villanova University.

American Sentinel

by Matthew Kaufman

Orthodoxy: The American Spectator Anniversary Anthology, edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., New York: Harper & Row; \$24.95.

Those of us who have helped to found conservative campus journals envy *The American Spectator*. Born in 1967 into modest circumstances—as upstart *samizdat* published out of a farmhouse by four Indiana University students—it has gone on to achieve nationwide distribution, a distinguished list of subscribers, and a 500-page anniversary collection of its work from a major publisher (Harper & Row). The success is well-deserved—although it has long since graduated from college, the *Spectator* has for 20 years remained one of the liveliest journals around.

In the introduction to this book, editor R. Emmett Tyrrell says that his magazine's purpose is to defend American orthodoxy. But the *Spectator* is not primarily a defensive player; it shines most when on offense. And it can be very offensive to those of progressive sensibilities. Harper & Row is living dangerously in reprinting essays like Taki's "Ugly Women":

Take Jane Fonda and Shirley MacLaine. That harshness, those granite glares, the shrillness of their rhetoric—it makes one want to shriek at their ugliness.

The *Spectator's* charm lies in its audacity. As Joseph Sobran has pointed out, people celebrated for their "irreverence"—Lenny Bruce, George Carlin, cast members on Norman Lear sitcoms—actually adhere to the code of liberal orthodoxy, mocking things for which the prescribed liberal attitude is mockery while respectfully laying off the icons of the left. The pleasure in picking up an *American Spectator* is the knowledge that, for the duration of the issue, such rules go out the window. No New Ager is safe.

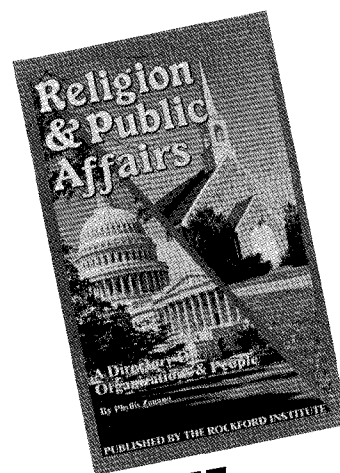
This volume contains a number of amusing profiles: P.J. O'Rourke on Lee Iacocca ("a hero for our time—a conceited big-mouth, glad-handing huckster who talked the government into loaning his company piles of money"), Phillip Terzian on *Washington Post* gossipmonger Sally Quinn (evidence that "inside every metropolitan newspaper is a *National Enquirer* champing at the bit"), Lewis Lapham on Jimmy Carter and his 5,000-page White House diary ("He was writing about himself, and the subject so captivated him, so consumed him with the fires of love, that he abandoned himself to it in the way that lesser men abandon themselves to their enthusiasms for stamps or butterflies or Civil War cannon"). The funniest piece of the lot, though, is J.D. Lofton's satirical review of Brezhnev's authorized biography, a work "full of never-before-told tales of Brezhnev's personal courage [in World War II] which, quite frankly, makes one wonder why the rest of the Red Army was really necessary."

For all its rambunctiousness, the magazine does more than its share of the heavy work. In *Orthodoxy*, Peter Rodman demolishes the lies of *Side-show*, William Shawcross' sleazy attempt to shift the blame for the Cambodian genocide from the Khmer Rouge to the United States. Nicholas Rothwell exposes Soviet/Vietnamese chemical warfare in Laos, in an early story subsequently picked up, and doggedly pursued, by the *Wall Street Journal*. Arnold Beichman and Kenneth Lynn thwart the efforts of such literary fellow travelers as Irving Howe and Malcolm Cowley. Vladimir Bukovsky and Malcolm Muggeridge offer their diagnoses of the West's deteriorating condition.

There are over 70 articles here,

most of them examples of good writing. Two of them, however, are interesting precisely because they are not particularly well-done: the interviews with William F. Buckley and Irving Kristol. Conducted during the *Spectator's* campus days, they are clearly the work of amateurs—transcribed (apparently) verbatim, filled with awkward sentence constructions and repetition. They are the sort of thing found today in several dozen conservative campus papers. And for that reason they are, to the staffers of those papers, inspirational as reminders that everyone has to start somewhere.

Matthew Kaufman is an editorial intern at The Rockford Institute.



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Letter From Minneapolis

by Herbert Schlossberg

Going Home

The taxi ride to Manhattan after the first shuttle flight of the day from Washington puzzled me. Why did scenes that should have been familiar from 30-odd years before seem so new and strange? I was the Brooklynite who had grown up on the buses (and before them the trolleys) and the subways of the city—and at the same time the rube from the Midwest gawking at this enormous, polyglot, multihued jumble of humanity. Part of the strangeness came because much had changed. In the early morning haze, I was riding by endless lines of storefronts with the tin shutters completely covering them. Surely they were brought here by immigrants from somewhere, maybe Latin America. At least they looked more like imports from that part of the world than anything I could recall from the old days.

The sense of Central Park's incongruity was different than I remembered from the 1940's and 50's. It isn't that the greenery seemed out of place among the concrete, but rather that its pristine freshness was out of keeping with the decay through which the taxi had just taken me—decay that was palpably worse than midtown used to be. This disjointedness was not lessened by the awareness of dangers that exist in the park and the certainty that no folly I retained so late in life would induce me to enter it after dark.

After finishing with my Manhattan appointment I entered the subway at Columbus Circle and took the train to Brooklyn. There was a pang of recognition as the various stations rolled by until I arrived in a part of town that wasn't familiar to me. The person I was to visit there had advised me that the neighborhood was too bad to walk through, and I telephoned as instructed.

I waited until a young woman came by in a blue station wagon. We drove to the office, and my guide unlocked the door to the building so we could enter. At my question she explained that a woman from overseas had been mugged on their driveway in broad daylight a few months earlier. Also, vagrants looking for handouts were liable to wander in off the streets any time. My hosts preferred the bother of constant locking and unlocking to the possibility of something more unpleasant—perhaps much more unpleasant.

Our meeting went well enough, and for lunch my hostess drove us into nearby Queens where we ate at a delicatessen under the El. The deli wasn't quite what I remembered, but I had no complaints. I marveled at how people could live in apartments alongside the tremendous racket from the trains. Then it occurred to me that we also live right under the flight path of airliners climbing and descending at the Minneapolis airport. Yet that doesn't seem as difficult to live with.

My business finished, I had a few hours until my flight left, so I followed the script I had considered for several weeks. After being dropped off at the subway station again, I took the train back toward Manhattan and got off after a few stops. Then I walked to Utica Avenue and boarded a bus toward my old neighborhood. In a few minutes we came to Eastern Parkway, which marked the border of the area I had known well from childhood. The bank was still there at Utica and Eastern Parkway, but the cafeteria where my parents had taken my brother and me for the occasional meal out was gone. And the old Robert Hall store on the other corner had disappeared, probably when the chain went belly-up some years ago. From that point for the next few miles Utica Avenue was almost a solid line of shops and teeming humanity. It is streets like this that make cities interesting, and their absence that explains why suburbs seem so bland to many. The old Carroll Theater, which

I looked for expectantly, had become a gospel tabernacle. On the right the White Castle, to my surprise, was still there. Further on, the Rugby movie house was boarded up. (Later on, in the taxi back to La Guardia, we passed the old Pitkin Theater, which is now a furniture barn. Doesn't anyone in Brooklyn go to the movies any more?) I alighted from the bus a few feet further on at Church Avenue. On a blazing July day, the temperature was well into the 90's, and the humidity must have been almost as high. That, at least, hadn't changed.

The Silver Rod drugstore was still in place on the corner, and across the street was the Greek cafe where I had had so many middle-of-the-night plates of ham and eggs. I walked along Church Avenue and then turned right at East 53rd Street, following the path I had taken during the junior high school years, trudging home from P.S. 232. The single-family houses, mostly arranged in long attached rows with the occasional free-standing one, interspersed with apartment buildings, looked just as they would have after more than 30 years. I passed by Jackie Robinson's old house—just past Snider Avenue, believe it or not. All right, then, Snyder Avenue.

Turning left at Beverly Road I walked one more block and turned left again to gaze at P.S. 244, where I spent the years from kindergarten to the sixth grade. Then back down East 54th Street and my old block. I found that most of the neighbors' names had slipped my memory. There was a boy named Dennis who had lived on that corner. Further on was the house of the Lombardi brothers. And across the street from them stood the big house with a spacious lawn in which for a time I had the privilege of playing; it was almost a mansion for that part of the city. The name of the policeman's son on the right I could not recall, and a few houses beyond was where I lived since my parents bought the place in 1937, when I was two, until I left—

with great relief—for the Army in 1954.

The spindly sycamore tree that my father had planted in front of the house and kept erect with an elaborate circular fence, rubber stays, and guy wires was now somewhat misshapen because of lopsided pruning. But it had grown very large and stretched over to the other side of the street where it joined the top of another tree, forming a green archway over the blacktop. Our house was part of a row, joined on both sides with others mirroring it. For some reason, people called them bungalows, although they bear scant resemblance to the India-inspired design going by that name in the Midwest. The paint could have used some touching up, but the steps and associated brickwork against which we used to play stoopball looked as if they had been renewed. The house had the same novel improvement as most of the others on the block: a metal awning over the front porch, high over the steep driveway and the underground garage. Home on leave from the 82nd Airborne Division, I used to show off by jumping from the brick wall off the side of the porch and climaxing the 12- or 15-foot fall with a paratrooper's roll on the patch of grass between our property and the house next door. These house fronts now sported a number of air conditioners, not common at all 30 years earlier.

Next door to our old house, and sharing a wall as well as a tiny lawn with it, was Alvin Toffler's, now similarly awninged. I remember him in warm weather sitting in the backyard reading, very tall and very thin. He was a college student—Columbia, as I recall—and I was some five or six years behind him. There was that stab of awe and envy of an awkward kid, as I looked at the suave Ivy League type, with his books and his pipe and his blond girl friend. I wonder if he thought his life was as idyllic as I imagined it, and what he now thinks of those days.

I stayed out there a long time, walking back and forth, wondering if I would be challenged by a nervous householder, or perhaps by a policeman. Finally, I continued on, to the end of the block. The corner grocery was still there, but Harry and Bess—the childless couple who ran it when I

was growing up—would be about 100 years old by now. Around the corner on Clarendon Road, the dry cleaner by the old grocery was gone, and next door to it, in place of the candy store—read *soda fountain*, you outlanders from the other side of the Hudson—was an *Eglise Evangile*. How could it be French? I wondered. Maybe some Haitians had moved into the neighborhood. Continuing across Clarendon Road I studied the houses of friends from the old days, then walked around the block and headed back on East 53rd Street in the direction from which I had come. About a block from the old candy store, I heard some French wafting faintly toward me from a group of men playing cards in a driveway, and when I saw the *eglise* again it seemed to fit better. I tried to see my old backyard, with its two apple trees, from a side alley which used to be accessible to the public but now was blocked off, and also from alongside of a house on 53rd Street that was behind it, but it was hopeless. To my surprise, the numbers of East 53rd didn't match the numbers on East 54th, and I was unable to tell where my house was from the next street.

After one more turn around the block, and one last look at the street on which I had lived from the age of two until I left for good at 19, I walked a block to the grandly named King's Highway to catch a cab to La Guardia Airport. It was a main thoroughfare then, but not so impressive now that the cities are full of freeways. It took a half hour for a taxi to come by, and then it was an ordinary black sedan with an almost invisible emblem on the side. I wondered if this was an attempt to get around the licensing laws that make it impossible for honest immigrants to start a business while at the same time making it hard for people to get transportation.

One reflection remains. When Jackie Robinson moved to our neighborhood upon joining the Dodgers, his was the only black family there. Walking home from P.S. 232, I used to see his children playing in front of their house, and it always seemed odd—a violation of the de facto segregation that characterized so many New York neighborhoods. With all the changes wrought by the years, the segregation remains. Since I had first entered the

subway to catch the Utica Avenue bus until I entered the taxi on King's Highway, only three faces of the many hundreds I had seen were white—two behind the counter at the Greek restaurant and one old woman maundering alone on Church Avenue. Some day I would like to see an analysis of this phenomenon, marred neither by ideology nor guilt.

Herbert Schlossberg writes from Minneapolis, MN.

Letter From South Philadelphia

by J. Michael Bolinski

The Wheel of Fortune

On the morning after Election Day, the front-page headline of the *Philadelphia Daily News* said it all, not just about the events of the day, but about the possible future of Philadelphia:

Goode Squeaks In Rizzo Won't Quit

Incumbent Mayor W. Wilson Goode won, by unofficial count, by about 14,000 votes (2 percent of the total) in a bitterly divided city. There was a palpable belief among many of the 318,500 people who voted for Rizzo that fraud may have accounted for many more than 14,000 votes. Two days after the election, a radio talk-show host was promising to check whether the owner of a residential property—even an abandoned one—may give permission to anyone to use his property as a voting address. And on election night Rizzo himself made a vague reference to reports of voters arriving at polls on buses.

These kinds of reports are nothing new in Philadelphia, where dead people have been known to vote in large numbers and even be elected to office. But whether or not Rizzo keeps his promise to finally retire from the scene, the resentment over Goode's victory—justified or not—may remain for a long time to come.

* * *

On the Wednesday before Election Day, Kate and I decided to take the night off at the Pen & Pencil Club, the oldest journalists' drinking club in the

Republic. Chartered in 1892, the club is, among other things, a year older than the earthly remains of Mao Tse-tung, a cultural hero to one-time students who are nowadays running the show in the major media.

The Pen & Pencil sponsors Wednesday evening off-the-record sessions with a variety of newsmakers (in both senses of that word). The evening before the election promised to be somewhat crowded because the guest was Frank Rizzo—one half of the political show which moved a local pundit to refer to this election as “the evil of two lessers.”

* * *

Democratic Mayor W. Wilson Goode, Philadelphia's first black mayor, had often been criticized during his first term for gross managerial incompetence, though he's a Wharton graduate. The May 1985 MOVE incident—the famous police air strike against a row house (11 people killed, an entire neighborhood burned down)—was at the top of a long list of fiascos which hinted that the city would be better managed by diviners, or the astrologers of the *National Enquirer*.

On the other hand, Frank L. Rizzo, a living legend of Philadelphia politics, is the embodiment of white working-class frustration. A semi-articulate response to the semi-articulate fascism of the modern liberal, Rizzo was reputed to have caused a great deal of “racial polarization” as a Democratic mayor in the 70's. But the actual polarization was between the liberal establishment and the former police commissioner who roused conservative instincts among normally apolitical citizens.

In his first comeback attempt, Rizzo ran against Goode in the '83 Democratic primary and was soundly beaten. In last year's rematch, running as a Republican, he came quite close to beating the increasingly unpopular incumbent.

The most amusing aspect of this race was the squirming of the town's largely liberal media. Reading between the lines of the editorials following the primaries in May 1987, you could detect dissatisfaction not so much with the candidates as with the electorate stupid enough to offer up Goode and Rizzo for mayor.

The inconveniences of democracy

had left the town's progressive forces without a reliable standard bearer. In August 1987, the *Philadelphia Daily News* ran an editorial against endorsing either candidate. Goode, tainted by the MOVE debacle, was seen as too incompetent to accomplish the “progressive” agenda, while Rizzo was dismissed as a political Neanderthal.

One local liberal commentator even offered a scenario in which Goode would be indicted by a federal grand jury (a local grand jury indictment could be brushed off as “political”) on a MOVE-related charge, allowing the city council to name a replacement who would then run against Rizzo. In the end, however, most of the titans of the opinion industry accepted a failed and tainted black liberal rather than Rizzo, the antiprogressive who had once said he would make Attila the Hun “look like a faggot.”

* * *

A night at the Pen & Pencil is wonderful for anyone interested in the social psychology of big-city journalists. Kate is here because she suspects (hopes) that her least-favorite newspaper columnist in the history of columnning may show up. Kate is a native of South Philadelphia, where liberal black establishment figures like the columnist are not highly respected. Some years ago, she wrote the man a rather nasty missive after her father had been mugged by several blacks.

She also mailed the columnist the pair of pants the muggers virtually tore from her father to get to his just-cashed paycheck. The columnist, I suppose, figured he was dealing with a nut case, not an extremely angry woman (with a South Philadelphia sense of humor) and did not answer. But all Kate wanted to know was how theories like “Poverty and injustice are the causes of crime” could resolve the issue of her father's stolen money.

The columnist never materialized that night, and it was just as well. There was a feeling in white South Philly that black Philadelphia was thumbing its nose at the rest of the city, going one better on Chicago's Harold Washington, who had said, “Maybe we did do a bad job these four years, but it's *still* our turn.”

The Sunday before Rizzo's Pen & Pencil appearance Kate and I had attended South Philadelphia's Italian

Festival on Ninth Street, where we bought cheese, listened to live music, and watched a juggler.

At one point, Mayor Goode was making his way along Ninth Street, working the crowd, when he ran into a performing Mummers brigade heading the other way. The Mummers did not move. Wilson Goode and his entourage had to push through the crowd and walk around them. To the people there, Goode was not their mayor, that day or since.

In South Philadelphia, there was a wait-and-see attitude through much of the campaign. If Frank got back in, the reasoning went, the trash would get picked up, favors would get done, and “heads would get busted” to control street crime. If not, well, South Philadelphia would survive, on its own terms, as it always has.

The only time people in South Philly became excited about city hall was when Mayor Goode proposed building a trash-to-steam plant in their part of town.

Yet something had changed this election. It was hard not to notice that this election was too gut-wrenching for South Philadelphia—and other white ethnic enclaves—to simply shrug off and get on with business as usual. It was fascinating and, in a way, frightening to think that even if Rizzo lost, Goode's victory was, perhaps, to prove a quirk—a sideshow to a powerful and highly reactionary political force beginning to stir, claim consciousness, and look around for a leader.

* * *

In Philadelphia, you can walk through the nation's early history in Independence National Park while, directly underground, underpaid (i.e., overtaxed) subway commuters sit in sullen silence, many of them secretly hoping for a Bernhard Goetz. Philadelphia during the Goode administration boasts of roving “wolf packs” of black youths who have trashed and looted on a grand scale.

The deep fear in the media during the campaign was that Frank Rizzo would dare talk openly about racial animosity, as if racial animosity went away if everyone remained silent. At the same time, the hatchet men were yearning for him to talk about such things and commit a “gaffe,” so he could be politically obliterated once

and for all.

The campaign had thus fearfully offered to force attention on The Subject We Can't Talk About—i.e., how the civil rights movement has degenerated into a system for rewarding or penalizing entire classes of people according to the color of their skin, or some other official designation of their status as either victims or oppressors.

While the media dogged Rizzo on the race issue, they did not savage him as much as in the past, when conventional liberal wisdom was not challenged by “serious” people but only by “clowns” like Rizzo. It’s one thing for a Frank Rizzo to say that the emperor has no clothes, but if “serious” people join in, the illusion comes under a real threat.

So while the media hinted that Rizzo embodied the hopes of white racists—“South Philly types”—they feared that what they were calling “racism” might really be a backlash against racial preference systems, and that only preference systems can lead to a Goode administration or a Geraldine Ferraro nomination.

Based on qualifications (and on a large loss of electoral support), a case could be made that Wilson Goode should never have become mayor in the first place, except that blacks as a class had been allotted their quota of big city mayors, and Philadelphia’s turn had come up “at long last.”

If that’s the case, the reemergence of Frank Rizzo and his appeal to white frustrations was a development best laid at the feet of the modern liberal mentality, responsible for the gross perversion of civil rights.

Or as a “South Philly” type might put it: “Bad enough that we get a black mayor just because he’s black, worse still that he runs the city into the ground for four years and kills 11 people to boot. But now, with a loss of support among even black people, and serious questions about whether he won the election fairly, he is *still the mayor*.”

* * *

At the Pen & Pencil Club, Rizzo arrived with a TV news crew trailing behind. Though off-the-record for content, the event itself was considered newsworthy. The turnout was huge by Wednesday night standards.

In the question-and-answer session,

Rizzo said virtually nothing he hasn’t said in public on the campaign trail. An old *Temple News* colleague of mine did some of the best questioning of the night, with repeated attempts to force Rizzo to acknowledge that most black voters neither trust nor like him. “How will you prove you’re not the racist everyone says you are?” could have been a translation of his queries.

The TV newscaster found it necessary to remind Rizzo several times that the session is off the record. Translation: “Frank, if you say something stupid or utter a racial slur, we can’t tell anybody anyway, so come on, be yourself.” But Rizzo wouldn’t take the bait.

Later, my questioner acquaintance told me that he was accused (by a black female) of being a racist because he went too easy on Rizzo. Hurt and perplexed, for he does not have a racist bone in his body, he couldn’t get over it. Two days later, a black female newspaper columnist reported on Rizzo’s “tone” at the session and concluded he still exhibited an “absence of

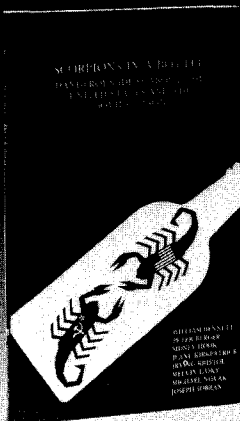
moderation.” She never mentioned the immoderate tone of the questioning.

* * *

It’s ironic that the media, which helped create the Rizzo image, failed to comprehend the appeal it had among many voters. When Goode and Rizzo went at each other in the Democratic primary four years ago, it was Goode the symbol of racial progress versus Rizzo the reactionary racist. Rizzo was sent off to be the party’s elder statesman, while Goode went to city hall to preside over an administration of dunces. In the last election, however, Goode was a flawed symbol of nothing except perhaps anti-Rizzoism or second-chancism, while Rizzo remained the symbol of racism.

Still, Rizzo came across as a much mellowed version of his former self, and the media never detected that he was a symbol of something other than racism. Rizzo was a focal point of rage of those who’ve been hectored for decades that race shouldn’t count, only

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to find out that it does—against you—if you are white. Rizzo could never articulate this very well, and the media would never discuss it. But the frustration was real, and since Goode couldn't live up to his fairy-tale media image, this instance of reverse discrimination only deepened it.

* * *

Despite any number of opportunities, Rizzo committed no suicidal blunders to speak of—a major news story in itself. Wilson Goode plodded easily along, and some took to calling him the “Teflon Mayor” because the MOVE disaster counted little against him.

The campaign was almost entirely devoted to endless dissections of the candidates' respective records in office, so that it was easy to forget that another mayor—Bill Green—held office between Rizzo and Goode. Talk of the future was largely limited to whether a trash-to-steam plant should be built in South Philadelphia (Goode said yes, Rizzo said no).

Shortly after the election, Mayor Goode began a “housecleaning” in which a number of high officials were replaced, and the outlines of the new liberal consensus began to form. We will be increasingly hearing how the mayor has learned from past mistakes and is at last growing into the office, and how the time has come to forget past differences and unite for the common good.

In much of South Philadelphia, though, this blather will be dismissed, and city government will remain an object of bemused scorn. They would have preferred Rizzo in office, but, in the end, it makes no great difference. Here, the difference between politics and governance is well understood, and the latter is self-administered as much as possible. The inherent distrust of government in South Philly may be the counterpart to the intellectual mood of the men who met in this city 200 years ago to insulate governance from rogue politics—an experiment that, in Philadelphia at least, seems to have failed.

J. Michael Bolinski, a ghostwriter based in Devon, PA, is also groom and herbal consultant to T.P. Sheridan, a standardbred racehorse.

Letter From the Southwest

by Odie Faulk

Burying the Hatchet

What now are called “the Indian wars” ended about a century ago, and the participants in those battles are dead without exception. After 1886, when Geronimo and his band surrendered, there were no more off-reservation wild Indians. Native Americans had become an administrative, not a military problem. The reservations would become a policing system where the Indians were fed and where halfhearted attempts were made to teach them to farm.

Good intentions were the vehicle for passage of the Dawes Severalty Act of 1887. According to the do-gooders who pushed this measure, the best future for Indians was assimilation, which meant making them become like all other Americans. To accomplish this, Indians were encouraged to take up a homestead of some 160 acres. In short, the intent was to break up Indian tribal governments, dissolve the reservations, and force each Indian head-of-family to accept a homestead and send his children to a white school. Indians clearly were to be forced to forget their tribal customs, religion, and heritage.

Yet the tears of the living mingled with the blood of the dead and formed a fertilizer that fed an enduring crop of hatred and misunderstanding—on both sides. Despite the efforts of men of reason, red and white, the Indian wars have continued into the 1980's, and no end is yet in sight. In 1924 Indians were given citizenship, but today a debate continues about what type of citizens they should be.

The fundamental cause of this continuing war between the two races is the same that caused the conflict when the weapons were arrows and bullets, not clenched fists and hard words: two philosophies of life in direct opposition. The sons of Spain, France, and England who came to the New World thought they had a right to this land because of their superior civilization. They were unwilling to allow a few tribes of what they thought to be “uncivilized natives” to have domain over a continent of fertile acres, good grass, and mineral wealth. The old order, said

the newcomers, had to give way.

Yet these Americanized Europeans brought with them the intellectual baggage of their ancestors, including the Christian emphasis upon the sacredness of life and the sanctity of property. To salve his conscience, this newcomer had to convince himself somehow that the Christian ethic and the Anglo-Saxon common law on property pertained only to “humans”; if Indians were something less than human, they could be robbed and killed with impunity.

From the time of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock to the third quarter of the 19th century—a quarter of a millennium—whites told each other that Indians were murderers of men, rapers of women, kidnappers of children, and thieves without peer. General Philip Sheridan encapsulated this philosophy in his famous comment, “The only good Indian is a dead Indian,” which at once became both justification and inspiration for further killing. General John Pope, commanding the Division of the Missouri, wrote in January of 1880, “Everybody knows beyond the probability of dispute that the Indians on this reservation (like all the Apaches) are a miserable, brutal race, cruel, deceitful and wholly irreclaimable—although for years they have been fed by the government and ‘civilized’ by their agent, they are in no respect different from what they were when the process began.”

With officials in high places expressing such sentiment, little wonder that it filtered down to become ingrained in the hearts and minds of those who settled the West. Benjamin Butler Harris, bound for the gold fields of California in the spring of 1849, was told by a settler on the banks of the Brazos River in Texas, “Shoot at every Indian you see and save them a life of misery in subsisting on snakes, lizards, skunks, and other disgusting objects.” In *The Devil's Dictionary*, Ambrose Bierce defined “Aborigines” as “Persons of little worth found cumbering the soil of a newly discovered country. They soon cease to cumber; they fertilize.” Many frontier Americans agreed with this definition and did their best to make it come true.

Simultaneously the Indians needed no propaganda to ready themselves to kill and take property. In most tribes

the view of humanity was limited to the members of the immediate tribe. Killing was murder only when done within the tribe. Those who did it outside the tribe gained social and political standing as well as material wealth through plundering the goods of the deceased. Such had been their attitude long before the coming of Europeans. When battles went against a tribe, slavery—and worse—was the lot of captives, while many tribes practiced the most terrible cruelties in torturing the men captured in battle.

When Native Americans and immigrating Europeans met each other in what now is the United States, each side felt not only that it was right but also that it was a positive good to kill and rob the other. Murder too often had been dignified, bringing with it honor and standing and something that was equated with “manhood.” War between two such cultures was inevitable. And because the newcomers were numerically superior and more advanced technologically, their ultimate victory was inevitable.

Yet when the shooting stopped in the 1880’s—when the tribes had been forced to accept permanent reservations—Native Americans did not disappear. True, the physical threat they posed was gone. No longer did the lonely frontier settler fear the hoot of an owl or the howl of a coyote. Therefore he began to change his image of the Indian. He at last conceded that Native Americans were human, *but not adult*. They were wards of the government, subject to oversight by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The Indian was seen as a child—and a drunken, lazy one at that. It was nobody’s business if the frustrations of reservation life turned some Indians to alcohol.

And now a hundred years have passed, a century in which some reservations have been broken up and allotments made under terms of the Dawes Act. Indian governments were dissolved, and some tribal ways were forgotten. The old attitudes persisted well into this century in movies as white audiences cheered when the bugles blew and the cavalry charged to disperse war-painted warriors bent on plunder and pillage of circled wagons behind which valiant but outnumbered pioneers fought for their lives.

Yet there came a reaction in attitude as the nation moved farther from the days of raid and counterraid. By the 1930’s, some people wanted a change. John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the New Deal, pushed for passage of the Wheeler-Howard Indian Reorganization Act of 1934; this reversed the policy of allotting individual plots of land to Indians. Collier encouraged the tribes to return to their old ways of government and to pursue native arts and crafts, tribal religion, and tribal social customs.

Under terms of the Wheeler-Howard Act, the Indians did reorganize their governments and began to push for “redress of past wrongs.” These included free medical care along with a host of social programs that brought in an entrenched bureaucracy, both white and red, with a vested interest in continuing the arrangement of Indian wards being taken care of by the “Great White Father.” Moreover, just after World War II, the Indians were encouraged to institute suits for land taken from them, and the federal government has paid hundreds of millions of dollars as a result.

The Comanches were given a generous settlement for lands taken from them on the High Plains from south of the Arkansas River deep into West Texas. But the Comanches, who moved out of their original Rocky Mountain home in the early 1700’s, conquered this land from the Apaches, who, in turn, had taken it from its previous owners sometime between 900 and 1200 A.D. The Comanches sued the United States for wrongfully taking this land from them, and were handsomely paid. Using the same logic, the Apaches ought to sue the Comanches.

And so the pattern continues. The Indians charge that they should continue to receive special treatment—and appropriations—based on what happened 100 or 200 years ago. And non-Indians, wallowing in guilt for the actions of ancestors (usually someone else’s), continue to pay.

This is a pattern whose only result can be a continuance of the Indian wars. Whites, so long as they continue to pay, will never recognize the Indian as anything other than a child. Indians, so long as they continue to demand such appropriations and vilify whites as

perpetual oppressors, will guarantee themselves second-class citizenship as wards of the government.

Neither side has made a concerted effort to see the other as adult human beings. Recent books, some of them on the best-seller list for months, have been propaganda of the old type, wretched as history and biased in attitude, making no attempt to achieve a balance between the races. These have pictured the Indian as human and the white as inhuman, the Indian as environmentally sound and the white as a destroyer of Nature, the Indian as living in harmony with the universe and the white as a discordant intruder. Pronouncements by militant Indian leaders—and some liberal whites—have reinforced the stereotypes by portraying whites as ogres who have degraded the noble Red Man.

At the same time, many of the practices of the Bureau of Indian Affairs are designed to perpetuate the status of the Indian as a child—and the Indians have been quick to point this out. Yet when Ross Swimmer, now heading the BIA, talks of doing away with government programs that perpetuate the second-class status of Indians, it is the Indians who protest the loudest.

Neither side is yet wholly able to concede the other the status of adult, caring humans. The sins of our fathers have indeed plagued us for the biblical seven generations and more.

And in these crosscurrents of prejudice and hatred, all Americans have lost. The melting pot has not worked. In fact, some insist violently that it should not work. Is not the fabric of our republic strong enough to withstand variant cultures and ethnic groups? Must the taxpayers of the 1980’s pay for the sins of the 1680’s? Does blood descent from someone wronged a quarter of a millennium ago entitle a person to free medical, educational, housing, and welfare benefits?

If indeed the American people believe in the credo of the Founding Fathers that “All men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” then what we need today to solve the enduring Indian-white problem are men of reason, not men of rage; men of humani-

ty, not men of hate; and men of breadth of spirit and understanding, not men who preach meanness and misunderstanding.

To the extent that both Indian and white have denied one another the status of responsible humans, both have demeaned the republican ideal. To the extent that hatred and war have prevailed, we have belittled the ideals and concepts of the Founding Fathers—and desecrated our own humanity. Every blow, physical and verbal, red and white, has diminished us and damaged the fabric of ourselves. To continue a system of special privilege based on the sins real and imagined of the past three centuries—and the sins are on both sides of the racial barrier—is to continue the Indian wars into an indefinite future.

The great chief of the Sioux, Crazy Horse, might well have been addressing today's problems when he stated, "The war will end when the Indian is treated as every other American."

Odie Faulk is author of Arizona: A Short History (University of Oklahoma Press) and of other standard volumes of Southwestern history.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Still Fighting the Civil War

The influx of Northern migrants to these parts continues to produce misunderstanding. Some time ago, the good people of Hillsborough, North Carolina, gave up their right to shoot marauding vermin in their own backyards to an official municipal squirrel-shooter. Citizens whose nut trees were being sacked, gardens despoiled, or houses chewed up (it happens) could call police officer William King, who would come over with his .22 and take care of the problem.

Now, according to the *Chapel Hill Observer*, a pushy newcomer has objected to this arrangement. "This is just pagan, to be out there shooting squirrels," says Karen McKinnon. Last November, she took her case to the town council, which responded by

hedging the practice about with bureaucratic restrictions. Owners of all adjoining property must now be notified before a squirrel is shot, and the person requesting the shooting must be given a leaflet describing nonlethal methods of squirrel-removal. Am I the only one who finds it weird that it's harder to kill a squirrel than to get an abortion?

Ms. McKinnon believes that the long-term solution may lie in importing owls to control the squirrel population, but it's not clear why that's preferable. I think if I were a squirrel I'd prefer a .22 slug in the eye to being torn limb from limb by an owl. In fact, I'd prefer it even though I'm not a squirrel. Moreover, I don't understand why an owl is seen as a natural predator and Officer King is not. But then, like most natives, I don't share Ms. McKinnon's Disneyesque view of rodents. Hillsborough resident Cecil Sanford, brother of our lesser-known U.S. senator, quoted a farmer friend on the subject of squirrels: "They ain't nothing but a rat with a bushy tail."

My solution would be to kill two birds with one stone (as the pagan expression has it): I'd arm welfare recipients and encourage them to forage. They could eat what they shoot, or sell it. Squirrel-based Brunswick stew is \$7.00 a bowl at one fancy Chapel Hill restaurant.

* * *

That story illustrates a problem I have, living where I do. I don't want to leave the South, and don't plan to, but I'm afraid it's leaving me. Let me explain.

There's a letter from Robert Frost in which he tells a friend of his plans to move back to New England and get "Yankier and Yankier." That's just about what he did, too, and most of us are glad of it. America's a better place because he did that.

Twenty-odd years ago, living in New York City, my wife and I came to a similar resolve about the South. Unlike poor, tormented Tom Wolfe (the Elder), we knew we *could* go home again. We did it a couple of times a year, and we wanted to do it for good. New York's a great city, but—well, I just had a letter from one of my former students who says she's had enough, too: "It's definitely not a good place for decent, polite Southerners, not even

high-strung ones like myself."

But living in the North had changed my idea of where "home" was. I'd come to realize that I could find balm for my Yankee-jangled sensibilities not just in my particular East Tennessee hometown, but 'most anywhere in the South. Driving home, my chronic heartburn always let up somewhere around Hagerstown, Maryland, on old U.S. 11—about the same place it started up again on the trip back north.

Walker Percy wrote of a similar experience in *The Last Gentleman*. When Will Barrett and Jamie headed south, they would park their camper at night in Carolina and stroll to a service station or fishing camp or grocery store, where they'd have a beer or fill the tank with spring water or lay in eggs and country butter and grits and slab bacon; then back to the camper, which they'd show off to the storekeeper, he ruminating a minute and: all I got to say is, don't walk off and leave the keys in it—and so on in the complex Southern tactic of assaying a sort of running start, a joke before the joke, 10 assumptions shared and a common stance of rhetoric and a whole shared set of special ironies and opposites. He was home. Even though he was hundreds of miles from home and had never been here and it was not even the same here—it was older and more decorous, more tended to and a dream with the past—he was home.

So I finished my studies in New York, shook the Northern dust from my feet, and moved just in time for my first child to get "Durham, North Carolina" on her birth certificate—important to me, if not to her.

But now I look around and find that the North seems to have followed me. Our town and those nearby, like Hillsborough, have recently been flooded with immigrants seeking economic opportunity, gracious living, and year-round golf. I don't blame them. But please don't blame me for being less than wild about this development.

Northerners are nothing new in these parts, and in small numbers they used to provide a pleasant leaven. Some of them worked at fitting in (which isn't all that hard), many more adopted a becoming diffidence, and even the ones who remained defiantly Yankee offered a stimulating counterpoint to the prevailing, easygoing ways.

But there was no question whose region we were in.

Sometime recently, though, we passed a tipping point that's as easy to recognize as it is hard to define. There are now so many newcomers that they're no longer just the seasoning in the stew; they've become a lumpy ingredient in their own right, one that shows no signs of dissolving. People from places like Ohio and Michigan are moving into neighborhoods full of other people from Ohio and Michigan, and they all go down and get the *New York Times* on Sunday. Flannery O'Connor liked to tell a story about an Atlanta real estate salesman showing a migrant couple around. "You'll like this neighborhood," he says. "There's not a Southerner for miles." I used to find that funnier than I do now.

No offense, Northern folks, but I like the South because it's full of Southerners. You all are fine people, but you make me *tired*. I came here to be with people I don't have to explain things to, you understand? People who share my views about things like squirrels.

We've almost reached the point around here where *Southerners* are the ones who have to worry about fitting in. One of our students, a local boy, complained recently in the college paper that people are always coming up to him and saying "I just love to hear you talk." "Let's get one thing straight," he wrote, "we are in the South. Therefore, I do not have the accent." Besides, it's impolite: "If we were sitting around the beach house in Cape Cahd discussing clam chowdah or Uncle Joe's haht cahndishen, I wouldn't stand up and say, 'Hot damn, you boys shore talk funny.' It just wouldn't be gentlemanlike." What really bugged him, though, is what bugs me: "There's something about having to defend my region when I'm still in it that I don't like."

Students aside, Chapel Hill looks more and more like Princeton these days. Some people think that's fine, and not all of them are from New Jersey either. Our local realtors apparently love what's going on, and even some people who aren't making any money off of it seem to have bought the view that it's impolite to complain about the increasing presence of unasimilated Northerners.

Not long ago a reporter from the *Charlotte Observer* asked what I thought about the fact that someone can live in the South now and never have to come to terms with it. I told her I thought it was a shame. Soon thereafter, my long-suffering department chairman got a telephone call from an irate reader, a native North Carolinian (she said) who objected to my opinions or, anyway, to my expressing them. She insisted that I was "still fighting the Civil War" and demanded that he fire me. When he wearily told her that it's too late, since I have tenure, she said she'd take her case to the president of the university and to the governor, if necessary.

Now, I'm not worried about that; both of those worthies are adept at dealing with cranks, as I have reason to know, having dealt with them in that capacity myself. And there's a nice irony to knowing that the last member of my department whose head was demanded by angry citizens was a gentleman and scholar whose offense was believing 50 years ago that black folks were entitled to be treated like human beings and American citizens. But let's think about that accusation: still fighting the Civil War.

Non-Southerners are never accused of that, no matter what they say about the South. Neither are Southerners who make it clear that they prefer the Northern way. You get charged with that offense if and only if you are a Southerner who would like to see the South stay Southern. And it's a sorry fact that the charge is often filed by other Southerners, like my accuser. Some of us like to joke about suburban Washington's being "Occupied Virginia," but let me tell you it's no fun living in Vichy, North Carolina, either.

Look, I don't want to impose Southern ways on the world; I just want to hang on to them in the South. I don't think that one Princeton is too many, just that one is enough. I even feel that way about California: I'm glad it's out there, for all sorts of reasons. If the Great Wen, DC, were just another unpleasant East Coast city—why, I'd say let it be. It's like food: when I go to New England, I *want* to eat broiled scrod and Indian pudding; I just don't want them on every menu down here, that's all. And I think it would be nice if New Englanders in these parts

would eat Brunswick stew and okra, or at least keep their opinions about Southern food to themselves.

If that's still fighting the Civil War—make the most of it.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, which he says New Yorkers will find a great place to visit, but they wouldn't want to live there.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Bleary-Eyed for Christ

Anxious to be liked, mainstream Churches roll over and piddle on the floor regularly these days, and seem to do so with the greatest vigor in the spring, when the pasqueflowers sprout on virgin soil and the "renewal" comes to town.

Fundamentalist Protestants have had "renewals" for ages and call them "revivals." Neophyte Catholics and mainstream Protestants make up the rules as they go along and have many names for the extravaganzas—Reach, Renew, Cursillo—whose true name is Legion.

In a moment of weakness last spring, my husband and I showed an interest in attending a Cursillo weekend sponsored by my Episcopal church, to be held at a local high school. My curiosity was piqued when some of our more stolid parishioners (or is that redundant when referring to Episcopalians?) waxed breathless with excitement.

I grew even more curious trying to get someone, anyone, to tell me what would *happen* on that weekend. (Cursillos, for adults only, usually run from late Friday afternoon to Sunday morning.) Leaders of these events must undergo rigorous training, professional groups travel from church to church to emcee the affairs, and I just wanted to know what we'd be *doing*. All of the trained parishioners I asked looked off into the distance and struggled for the words to describe what I might find during the weekend. It was all ethereally vague: There was something about a speaker and guitars and prayer and breaking up into small discussion

groups to do a lot of "sharing" (the deathless liberal shibboleth, perhaps because of its socialist implications — although, come to think of it, people who use it a lot love to "share" their feelings and opinions but rarely offer me any of their money).

I'm a slow learner. I should have caught on, but the more evasive they were, the more interested I became. Then, when we were poised to sign on the dotted line, the subject of sleeping bags came up.

Here was the deal: We'd sleep on the floor in the school gym for two nights, the men separated from the women. We were unusually lucky in that, if we wanted, we could take gang showers (with the men separated from the women, alas) on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Some renewal groups don't have that luxury.

Now, I loved Girl Scout camp in my youth, but I gave all that up 20 years ago. I don't ask for much in this life, but I *do* think I've earned the right to sleep in my own bed, next to my own husband, and take a nice brisk private morning shower in my own bathroom. I assured the man who was running the show that I'd be capable of much greater spirituality if he'd let me do it my way, and asked if we could participate but sleep at home.

Need I relate his answer? These weekends, no matter what they're called or where they're set, are as precisely and sternly choreographed as the June Taylor dancers. Remember the overhead camera shot of them flinging their legs in a circle on the floor? That must be what a Cursillo group looks like round about 2:00 A.M. Anyway, being undermotivated, spoiled, and slightly standoffish, my husband and I declined to attend.

Some renewals aren't finished in a weekend but involve whole congregations or parishes and take a year or more. (No, God is gracious, and those year-long cheerleading marathons don't involve floor-sleeping or gang showers until the very end.) In one North Dakota town, no married woman may participate until her husband has; the priest in that little Catholic church knows that if he doesn't make such a ruling, only women will go through the ordeal. Who wants to sit on a tractor all day and then sleep with a bunch of snoring men on the

church basement floor?

All of this is like nothing so much as a carnival sideshow: gimmicky, dishonest, and frenzied with desperation. Parishioners know it, priests and ministers know it, but the urge to *do something* is stronger these days than the wisdom to be still and watch for daily signs and metaphors pointing to the truth. So I offer here a verse from a medieval Christmas carol that in 21 short words puts it all within reach: Christ's birth and passion, our redemption, two millennia of simple faith, and the peace that passeth all understanding:

*The holly bears a berry
as red as any blood
and Mary bore sweet
Jesus Christ
to do poor sinners good.*

Say it to yourself if you ever can't sleep.

*Jane Greer edits Plains Poetry Journal
in Bismarck, North Dakota.*

Letter From Albion

by Andrei Navrozov

Order and Justice? Cowardice and Folly!

In April 1986, Nikolai Tolstoy's *The Minister and the Massacres* was published in Britain. Like his earlier *Victims of Yalta* (1978) and *Stalin's Secret War* (1981), the book was uncompromising in its indictment of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan personally and of British foreign policy generally at the end of the war. "In the second week of May 1945," Count Tolstoy summed up recently in an appeal for his Forced Repatriation Defense Fund, "British military authorities in Austria accepted the surrender of tens of thousands of Cossacks, White Russians, Slovenes, Croats, Montenegrins, and Serbs. They comprised prisoners of war and political refugees, and were accompanied by large numbers of women and children. At the end of the month and the beginning of June the majority were handed over to Stalin and Tito, the operations being effected by a combination of brutal force and treacherous deception. Many were massacred at the point of handover within sight or sound of their British

escorts. The overwhelming majority of the remainder either died a lingering death in Soviet forced labour camps, or were slaughtered in circumstances of appalling brutality. . . . No one has accepted responsibility, no one has suffered retribution, displayed repentance, or attempted recompense. It is too late for punishment, which is in any case precluded by legal considerations. . . . Nevertheless, the fact that this dreadful crime remains unrecognized, and the memory of its victims officially consigned to oblivion, is an insult to the dead and a wounding affront to survivors, relatives, and compatriots of those who suffered."

In the spring of 1986, Count Tolstoy's crusade in behalf of the victims of peace suffered a setback as the British Broadcasting Corporation abruptly canceled a planned series of broadcasts on the controversy precipitated by *The Minister and the Massacres*. In August, Count Tolstoy's interview with a student magazine caused it to be closed down. According to *The Times*, on November 12, 1986, Norman Tebbit, the Conservative Party chairman, decided

to sever the party's links with the right-wing 14,000-strong Federation of Conservative Students because of its politically embarrassing behaviour. It will lose its annual £30,000 grant and be banished from offices at Conservative Central Office. . . . A new body known as the Conservative Collegiate Forum will be set up to enable students and academics to have a voice in party circles. Unlike the FCS, membership will be vetted to keep out those whose views are not considered part of the Tory tradition. . . . Mr. Tebbit's crackdown was prompted by the storm over the last issue of *New Agenda* in which Mr. Harry Phibbs, its editor, published an interview with Count Nikolai Tolstoy, the historian, in which he accused Lord Stockton, the then Harold Macmillan, of being responsible for returning 40,000 Cossacks to the Soviet Union in 1945 to die at the hands of

Stalin. . . Mr. Tebbit's tough action was signalled by his reaction to the Stockton attack in August. He interrupted his holiday to issue an apology to the former Conservative Prime Minister and to denounce the article as "disgraceful."

But no sooner had Mr. Tebbit resumed his holiday . . . Early in 1987 *The Times* reported:

The spectre of the Cossacks who were murdered after being sent back to the Soviet Union by the British at the end of the second world war has returned to haunt a senior Tory figure. . . Lord Aldington, war hero, Conservative politician and now warden of Winchester College, has been compelled by the activities of Nigel Watts, a 48-year-old property developer from Tunbridge Wells, to launch a libel action that will bring about the first court airing of the Cossacks controversy. The dispute follows the row last year over allegations against Lord Stockton, formerly Harold Macmillan, published in the *Federation of Conservative Students'* magazine, *New Agenda*. This time, however, the row seems unlikely to fade away, as it did after Stockton's death last December halted public debate over his alleged responsibility for the repatriation. . . Aldington, 72, filed a writ of libel . . . after Watts had begun to circulate 10,000 copies of a four-page pamphlet among the parents, staff and old boys of Winchester College, MP's, peers, and journalists. The pamphlet makes a number of allegations about Aldington's involvement with Macmillan and his role in the forced repatriation of the Cossacks. At the time, Aldington, then Brigadier Toby Low, was chief of staff to General Keightley's Fifth Corps in Austria. The allegations in the pamphlet are drawn from *The Minister and*

the Massacres, the book by Nikolai Tolstoy that was the source of the *New Agenda* accusations last August.

The headmaster of Winchester, whose playing fields, like those of Eton and Harrow, bear witness to history, was unmoved. Not only did James Sabben-Clare refuse to look into the allegations against the warden, but he also hit the enemies of Tory order where it really hurt, banning a review of *The Minister and the Massacres* from appearing in the school magazine.

In fact, Count Tolstoy explains in his appeal, the text of Nigel Watts's pamphlet "War Crimes and the Wardenship of Winchester College" was "written by myself," and, when Aldington sued Watts, Tolstoy's lawyers wrote to Aldington's lawyers "requesting that he consent to my being made a defendant to these proceedings. Such consent not being immediately

forthcoming," a summons was issued. "As a result," Tolstoy concludes triumphantly, "I am, with Nigel Watts, now being sued by Lord Aldington." It is indeed a triumph. "For the first time, this major tragedy and betrayal will be subjected to public examination in a court hearing." (Anyone with the means and the vision to help Count Tolstoy in this cause is urged to make a contribution to The Forced Repatriation Defense Fund, The Old Courtyard, Church Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN1 1JT, England.)

While Count Tolstoy was fighting for the memory of the martyrs—as his great uncle, of *War and Peace* fame, once fought for the Old Believers—another installment of the same tragedy was unfolding on both sides of the Atlantic. On August 24, 1987, Reuters reported that "in the Lithuanian capital, Vilnius, a crowd of 500 defied warnings from the authorities and gathered in front of St. Anne's Church

BOOKS IN BRIEF—ANCIENT HISTORY

Gentlemen and Officers: Imperial Administration and Aristocratic Power in Byzantine Italy, A.D. 554-800 by T.S. Brown, London: British School at Rome; 288 pp. Byzantine possessions in Italy were caught in an unpleasant bind, between the growing power of the papacy, the rise of barbarian kingdoms—Franks and Lombards—and the claims of the Empire itself. By concentrating on the political careers of important officers and officials, Brown does a good job of portraying the conflict of loyalties and the steady development of local attachments.

Spartan Law by D.M. MacDowell, Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. Spartan customs were puzzling even to their neighbors, but the Spartan "constitution" was as attractive to the American Founding Fathers as it was to Plato and Xenophon. MacDowell's little book is a lucid and intelligent introduction to the Spartan legal system. Without really settling the major scholarly controversies, MacDowell does survey the primary evidence and offers a persuasive account of an originally cohesive and consensual system that came gradually to be abandoned.

The Scurra by P.B. Corbett, Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. The "scurra" is a figure that crops up repeatedly in Roman comic literature, and Corbett traces his evolution from busybody to entertainer. To their credit, the ancients only laughed at Rodney Dangerfield—they didn't respect him.

The Rise of Urbanization and the Decline of Citizenship by Murray Bookchin, San Francisco: Sierra Club Books. Bookchin, the darling of the nuts-and-berries left, is no scholar, but his imaginative discussion of citizenship and civil responsibility is an important contribution to the current debate on democracy. Like Benjamin Barber, whose work he admires, Bookchin calls for strong, participatory democracy such as that once enjoyed by the citizens of Greek and Italian city-states, and it is at this point of communitarian freedom that honest leftists, libertarians, and Jeffersonian conservatives meet. Bookchin's analysis of our present situation is infinitely richer and more serious than most of what is currently passing for conservative wisdom.

The Athenian Trireme: The History and Reconstruction of an Ancient Greek Warship by J.S. Morrison and J.F. Coates, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press; 266 pp. Not long ago in *Chronicles* Frederick Turner suggested that historical recreations might be a more powerful way of understanding the past than much of traditional scholarship. By far the most exciting such attempt in recent years has been the construction of an Athenian trireme. No one interested in ancient history or sailing will want to pass up this lucid and informative account.

in the Old City. There they sang patriotic songs and chanted 'freedom, freedom.' Some wore black armbands to commemorate Lithuanians who fell victim to Stalin." Reports from Riga, the capital of Latvia, spoke of "a crowd of 2,000 gathering to protest against Soviet influence in the republic," and a similar demonstration took place in Tallin. Simultaneously, "Long newspaper articles gave the Soviet interpretation of the 1939 [Hitler-Stalin] treaty: that it protected the interests of the Soviet Union and the Baltic states by protecting them from German occupation."

That same day, August 24, accord-

ing to *The Times*, "The Soviet Union officially asked Britain to extradite a 71-year-old Lithuanian, now living in Edinburgh, who they say is guilty of war crimes. . . . Earlier this year representatives from the Nazi-hunting Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Los Angeles came to Britain and presented a dossier of allegations against Mr. Gecas to the Home Secretary."

Meanwhile, in the United States, on the strength of "videotaped testimony" provided by the Soviet "authorities" (KGB? All-Union Committee for an Ecologically Sound Environment? Goslitizdat? Gosbank? Inturist? Dr. Chazov? Who cares?), Karl Linnas, a

66-year-old American citizen, has been stripped of his citizenship, pronounced guilty by judges of the U.S. Federal Circuit Court, arrested and placed in solitary confinement, and ordered to be deported to Russia—to be shot after a brief farce of a trial. His plight became known largely because the Estonian King Lear was fortunate to have three loyal Cordelias as his daughters, who sent an open letter to American journalists (which some of them—one or two—thought important enough to publicize). Some 42,000 Americans are said to be potential suspects facing a similar charge. Will Soviet "videotaped testimony" replace due process of law for them as well?

But perhaps more importantly, is it not those who invaded and annexed Estonia, by destroying everyone resisting, who should be on trial as war criminals—not this American citizen who is to be shot by them on the basis of their "videotaped testimony"? And, ultimately, is there any evidence that the post-1917 regime in Russia has been more dedicated to justice and, in particular, less guilty of war crimes, than the National Socialist regime in 1933-1945? For, even if the persecution of Jews is the only measure of injustice, there is no denying that it was only Stalin's death that delayed (although perhaps not indefinitely) a wholesale extermination of Jews on Soviet territory.

By the autumn of 1987, the Wiesenthal Centre hysteria was becoming a media epidemic. "How the SS Came to Britain," proclaimed the title of an exhaustive Spectrum series of articles in *The Times*, prompted by the controversy around the case of Mr. Gecas. Here is a sample paragraph, conceived and written without, apparently, even a twinge of irony:

"Operation Keelhaul" [devised by General Keightley and his Fifth Corps] "to implement the Yalta Agreement and repatriate Soviet citizens to Russia, among them 50,000 Cossacks" was launched by the British and the Americans to satisfy the Russians' demands; its failure [relatively speaking] was due to deliberate sabotage [!] by a

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British officer, Major Denis Hills, who was unsympathetic [!] to the notion of repatriation. British policy, however, was clear: *if any of the Ukrainians were Russians*, they would be returned [my italics].

Poor Major Hills! Unsympathetic to the notion of murder! He must have been a Ukrainian, not a Russian like Mr. Gecas or Mr. Linnas . . .

But back to Count Tolstoy. On January 25 of this year, the London *Standard* reported:

The wise and kindly Nigel Nicholson, who's just turned 71, is not a man to enter lightly into a fray. But he heads a list of some striking grandees who'll be supporting Nigel Watts and Count Nikolai Tolstoy in the libel courts before long. . . . Nicholson . . . provided Tolstoy with important military documents on which the author, partly based his attack on Aldington in the book. He says that if necessary he'll supply further documents, kept secret since his time as an Army Intelligence Officer in central Europe immediately after the war. He denies that he is courageous to join the attack on the nation's war heroes at such a late hour. "I wouldn't claim courage," he says. "I was a witness to it and it's my duty to give evidence," he says.

At the end of January, students at Cambridge were looking forward to a Cambridge Union debate: "This House sees Glasnost as a step towards fundamental reform in the Soviet Union," with Count Tolstoy, Lord Bethell, and Vladimir Bukovsky scheduled to speak in opposition. I was looking forward to having lunch with Nikolai Dmitrievich, to hear the latest news of the lawsuit.

On January 22, the Union Society President, Stephen Greehalgh, wrote to Count Tolstoy:

I have extremely disappointing news about the forthcoming debate on Glasnost.

The disappointing news was that Lord

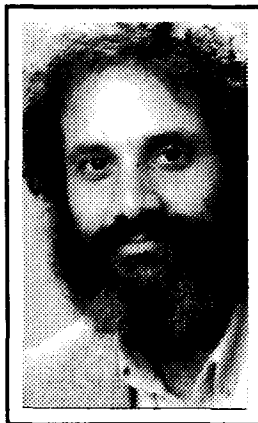
Bethell had refused to speak in the same debate with the litigious Count Tolstoy, who explained to me that the only conceivable reason

for Lord Bethell's otherwise inexplicable behaviour is that he is very frightened indeed that Lord Aldington may choose to sue him as well, in connexion with the forthcoming libel case in which I am engaged. This seems to me not only less than courageous, but also a wholly mistaken view. Since Lord Aldington was compelled against his will to sue me, it is scarcely likely that he will go out of his way to undertake actions against others. . . . That is Lord

Bethell's affair, however, and does not concern me. What does is the extreme bad manners of the Union President, who chose to withdraw the invitation extended to me. . . . It all seems a far cry from the days when my father was President of the Union in 1935, which was also the year of my birth.

And a far cry it was. The debate, on February 12, took place in what the Soviets call a "friendly, constructive atmosphere," in keeping with the spirit of *glasnost*.

Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor for Chronicles.



Help Linda Shapiro Complete Her Husband's Final Film

American filmmaker Lee Shapiro was making a documentary in a dangerous place—Afghanistan. He wanted to tell a story of courage and love, the story of the Afghan freedom fighters' battle against the brutal Soviet occupation of their country.

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POP CULTURE

Music of the Peers

by Gary Vasilash

I recently attended a performance by the quartet known as Montreux, a group which, as you may know, records for Windham Hill. I had first seen Montreux perform a couple years back during Detroit's international jazz festival that's called, coincidentally enough, Montreux/Detroit. Those whose sensibilities were shaped by rock and roll may know Montreux-the-city only through the reference to it in Deep Purple's perennial favorite, "Smoke on the Water." The city, however, is more widely thought of in terms of jazz.

Windham Hill automatically tunes our thinking to "New Age" music, a term—an epithet, really—associated with whale sounds, white noise, channeling, Novocain, organic food, and other neural depressants. It's music that people listen to in order to tune out. At the same time, it's said to be yuppie music, which seems somewhat contradictory, for all of the yuppies in my acquaintance tend to worry about things like the "GRQ factor," which, for those of you who aren't familiar with the sublingo of the BMW set, means "get rich quick." There's little time to be laid back when you're on a roll—cocaine, not quaaludes, is the drug of choice.

When I went to the local computer network to buy the tickets for Montreux, the young lady behind the counter was puzzled. She'd never heard of the band. Had I inquired about Anthrax, the Junk Monkeys, or Common Ailments of Maturity (and I swear that I'm not making these names up), things would have gone more smoothly. When communications were more firmly established, she showed me that my seats could be front row center. As a veteran of concerts by the Rolling Stones, The Who, Rod Stewart, Derek and the Dominoes (yes, that's Clapton for you latecomers), Peter Frampton

(when he was as big as Michael Jackson, not a nobody sideman for an aging David Bowie), and several others, the notion of getting front row center seats strikes me as a bizarre fluke, a wrinkle in the fabric of the universe. Those seats are for the anointed few: girlfriends of the band members, record company guests, and ticket winners from radio stations. The girl behind the counter was similarly mystified: a group she'd never heard of and choice seats available without having to camp out in a parking lot waiting for them. It goes without saying that I snatched them.

One thing that struck me about seeing the members of Montreux up close is that they are my contemporaries: late 20's to early 30's. A few weeks earlier I happened to walk into the Omni International Hotel in Detroit with the band Heart and rode in an elevator with an unguarded Nancy Wilson. Then, also, it occurred to me that those people, too, are baby boomers. Heart can still do relics like "Crazy on You" during its performances and get rave reviews. Montreux goes on stage of a theater that's much smaller than any of the Heart outlets and sees more empty seats than people. And the music it performs, an acoustic jazz with roots in the music of Django Reinhardt in the 1920's, tends to be derided as up-to-date Muzak. The differences between the two are a function of ill will, marketing, and technology.

Some so-called New Age music is elevator music—of elevators in opium dens or places where the harmonic convergence has occurred. Listen to the electric harp of Andreas Vollenweider or the piano of Scott Cossu for too long, and you'll be able to stick needles into your fingers without reaction. It's movie music to the nth degree.

But listen to guitarist Michael Hedges—better yet, listen and see him—and you'll come to realize that acoustic guitars can make sounds that no microprocessor-based instrument will ever be able to simulate. Hedges' sonic picking/strumming/fingering/plucking/rapping/twanging is anything

but staid. He has been referred to as "the guitarist from another planet," and it isn't simply because of his dreadlocks.

One source of the blanket indictment against New Age music is simple jealousy. These musicians (even the boring ones) know how to play their instruments. There's no place to run or hide where you're doing a solo that isn't obscured by a wah-wah pedal. It's easy to imagine these musicians practicing, practicing, practicing, perfecting their skills day after day, while the other kids were out doing something or nothing. Even those other students who attempted to be poets fared better, for they could be easily derided. (Now they are pulling down \$70K per year as copywriters.) Members of the high school business club had a built-in support group. The thespians had to be gutsy, anyway. But those who worked hard at playing musical instruments simply didn't register.

There were, of course, other musicians in high school, those who had their Gibsons and Marshalls and Pearl sets. They played dances, parties, benefits, eventually bars, and possibly concert halls at some point. As theirs was a popular, public form (i.e., mimicking what was being played on radios), they received greater recognition and acceptance.

But what is to be made of a band like Montreux? Forget them. Ignore them. Identify them with a group of people that no one wants to be identified with. Mediocrity cannot abide talent and skill.

That's the jealousy part. Another aspect is commercial and technical.

In 1984, compact disc (CD) players arrived. They were expensive. At about \$800, they were in the domain of the audiophiles. Check a newspaper ad for a discount appliance outlet today, and you'll see that some players can be obtained for about a tenth of the original price. In 1987, shipments of CD's increased 131 percent over the 1986 level. Prices for the discs are going down, too, from \$15 to \$10 and below. With these downward trends, the num-

ber of units will continue to rise.

As is well-known and documented, record companies (will they become known as tape and disc companies?) have an obvious financial interest in pushing the acts that will sell the greatest number of units. Marginal acts are simply too expensive to support in a market where even a Bruce Springsteen can sag. The additional expenses related to CD's—for example, it costs about \$1.50 to manufacture one, as compared with 50 cents for a vinyl record—means that there will always be a need to price them higher, which means that consumers will have to want them more in order to part with additional cash. So the mega-acts are push-

ed harder and harder. And because of the costs associated with promotion—commercial sponsorship for tours and background music for beer commercials notwithstanding—there are fewer and fewer acts that can be promoted.

There is a second source for big CD sales, which is the catalog of existing music. The oldies. It is virtually impossible to listen to a rock station anywhere in the country and not hear an Eagles "classic" or "prime cuts" from the Beatles. When I replace my 18-year-old copy of the first Led Zeppelin album, you can be sure that it will be in the acceptable form for my tiny little Sony disc player. No more snap, crackle, and pop obscuring "Communica-

tion Breakdown" for me.

So where does Montreux fit into all this? In nearly empty concert halls. Classical musicians are getting a boost from CD's because their audience has always cared about sound quality. Hot rock groups of today are getting the air play and other support needed for fame and sales. Aging rock stars are suddenly finding new royalty checks as nostalgic fans review their past. And New Age musicians suffer the purgatory of being used for transitions and filler on "All Things Considered."

Gary Vasilash recently attended a James Taylor concert and wondered why it was so crowded.

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES



On 'Back to Nature'

Those of us who live in the reality of fields, barnyards, and backwoods never tire of reading how outsiders view our world. I say outsiders because almost everyone who writes about rural life falls into one of three categories: (a) country folk who move to the city to do what can only be done in the city, but hope to return after they've done it; (b) city folk who move to the country because they like what they see here, but bring as much of the city with them as they can; and (c) city folk who have no intentions of becoming country folk but like the idea. Those of us who started out in the country and never left are always up to our suspenders in weeds and manure and baby pigs. There's not much time for writing about the good life, but we like to read the transplants.

So I opened your "back to nature" issue (*Chronicles*, February 1988) with great anticipation. I was disappointed to discover "Time to Reap" was about campus 60's instead of North Forties. "Paradise" looked good, but why so dry? Prometheus, parrots, property

rights—dry. Dry as a drought-soaked cerebrum at the end of a campus summer. Mr. Tillotson sounded more like a desert-bound college professor than a muddy sodbuster. Even Jane Greer's Tarzans were tarnished. "Real" men who distribute pictures of themselves in peekaboo bathrobes and list among hobbies French kissing in the backseats of cars? Pass the aspirin—my head hurts!

Then I wandered onto James L. Sauer's territory. The clouds gathered; the rains fell. I read him and wept. For the children, the swans, the writers, the urban cowboys. The page bloomed! Soul. Earth. Tears. Guts. What people come to the country for. I don't know where Mr. Sauer comes from, but his heart goes deep into the fertile soil of real life. No beating around dry, dusty bushes. He dared to simply say what was ready to be said, like coaxing the green shoot from dark earth. A real man.

—Charlotte Wilcox
Harris, MN

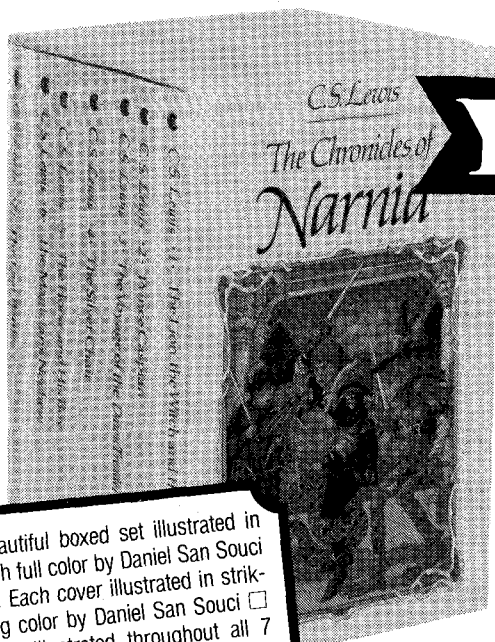
Stephen J. Bodio's "Why Souls Fly Away" was an interesting perspective on conservationism, but Mr. Bodio failed to identify the true nature of the

pseudoconservationist fanatics. Although he attributes the fanatics' position to a misunderstanding of biophilia, there is no dearth of information describing the fate of, for example, deer left to fend for themselves in the dead of winter. The "Greens" don't misunderstand the facts but choose to ignore them.

The "antis" have somewhat successfully arrogated moral superiority while performing the most immoral acts. Although there may be a few naive souls who, thanks to Walt Disney and Co., personify the lower animals, the movement's instigators command an assault on the West's will to survive. In their view, the tragedy is not the death of a few furry creatures but Western man's will to kill and bear arms.

Perhaps the Tahitian nobility deprived the subservient class of meat ("Mutiny in Paradise") for a similar reason: they sought to deprive the commoners of their sense and means of power and, thus, their will and ability to resist oppression.

—Michael B. Mangini
Somerset, NJ



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